

DON SEBASTIAN,
KING of Portugal.

A
T R A G E D Y.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

— *Nec tarda Senectus*
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem. VIRG.

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M,DCC,LIX.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by a Lady.

THE judge remov'd, tho' he's no more my Lord,
May plead at bar, or at the council-board :
So may cast poets write ; there's no pretension
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.
Your looks are cheerful ; and in all this place,
I see not one that wears a *damning face*.
The BRITISH nation is too brave to shew
Ignoble vengeance on a vanquish'd foe.
At least be civil to the wretch imploring,
And lay your paws upon him, without roaring :
Suppose our poet was your foe before ;
Yet now, the business of the field is o'er ;
'Tis time to let your civil wars alone,
When troops are into winter-quarters gone.
JOVE was alike to LATIAN and to PHRYGIAN ;
And you well know, a play's of no religion.
Take good advice, and please yourselves this day ;
No matter from what hands you have the play.
Among good fellows ev'ry health will pass,
That serves to carry round another glass :
When with full bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Tho' at the mighty monarch you repine,
You grant him still Most Christian in his wine.
Thus far the poet ; but his brains grow addle ;
And all the rest is purely from his noddle.
You've seen young ladies at the senate-door,
Prefer petitions, and your grace implore ;
However grave the legislators were,
Their cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring ;
But I cou'd bribe you with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good nature,
That he, for once, would sheath his cutting satire :
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The sacred names of fops and beaux profane.
Strike up the bargain quickly ; for I swear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.

Be not too hard on him with statutes neither;
 Be kind, and do not set your teeth together,
 To stretch the laws, as cobblers do their leather.
 Horses by Papists are not to be ridden;
 But sure the Muses horse was ne'er forbidden:
 For in no rate-book, it was ever found
 That PEGASUS was valued at five pound:
 Fine him to daily drudging and inditing;
 And let him pay his taxes out in writing.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DON SEBASTIAN, King of *Portugal*,

MULEY-MOLUCH, Emperor of *Barbary*.

DORAX, a noble *Portuguese*, now a Renegade, formerly DON ALONZO DE SELVERA, Alcaide, or Governor of *Alcazar*.

BENDUCAR, chief Minister, and Favourite to the Emperor.

AEDALLA, the Musti.

MULEY-ZEYDAN, Brother to the Emperor.

DON ANTONIO, a young, noble, amorous *Portuguese*, now a Slave.

DON ALVAREZ, an old Counsellor to DON SEBASTIAN, now a Slave also.

MUSTAPHA, Captain of the Rabble.

W O M E N.

ALMEYDA, a Captive Queen of *Barbary*.

MORAYMA, Daughter to the Musti.

JOHAYMA, chief Wife to the Musti.

Two Merchants.

Rabble.

A Servant to BENDUCAR.

A Servant to the Musti.

SCENE, the Castle of *Alcazar*.

DON

DON SEBASTIAN,
King of Portugal.

A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Scene at Alcazar, representing a market-place
under the castle.*

MULEY-ZEYDAN, BENDUCAR.

MULEY-ZEYDAN.

NOW *Africa's* long wars are at an end ; [blood,
And our parch'd earth is drench'd in Christian
My conquering brother will have slaves enow,
To pay his cruel vows for victory.

What hear you of SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal?

BEND. He fell among a heap of slaughter'd Moors ;
Though yet his mangled carcase is not found.
The rival of our threaten'd empire, MAHOMET,
Was close pursu'd ; and, in the general rout,
Mistook a swelling current for a ford ;
And in *Mucazar's* flood was seen to rise ;
Thrice was he seen ; at length his courser plung'd,
And threw him off ; the waves whelm'd over him,
And helpless in his heavy arms he drown'd.

MUL-ZEYD. Thus then a doubtful title is extinguish'd :
Thus, MOLUCH, still the favourite of fate,

Swims

6 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

Swims in a sanguine torrent to the throne,
As if our Prophet only work'd for him:
As MULEY-ZEYDAN were not worth his care,
And younger brothers but the draff of nature.

BEND. Be still, and learn the soothing arts of court ;
Adore his fortune, mix with flattering crouds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest :
Your brother is luxurious, close and cruel,
Generous by fits, but permanent in mischief.
The shadow of a discontent wou'd ruin us ;
We must be safe before we can be great :
These things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

MUL.-ZEYD. You have the key ; he opens inward to
you.

BEND. So often try'd, and ever found so true,
Has given me trust, and trust has given me means
Once to be false for all. I trust not him :
For now his ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute,
How am I sure to stand who serv'd those ends ?
I know your nature, open, mild, and grateful ;
In such a prince the people may be blest,
And I be safe.

MUL.-ZEYD. My father! [*Embracing him:*

BEND. My future King! auspicious MULEY-ZEYDAN :
Shall I adore you ? no, the place is public ;
I worship you within ; the outward act
Shall be reserv'd till nations follow you,
And Heav'n shall envy you the kneeling world.
You know th' Alcaide of *Alcazar*, DORAX ?

MUL.-ZEYD. The gallant renegade, you mean ?

BEND. The same :
That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul,
Resolv'd and brave : he has the soldiers hearts.
And time shall make him ours.

MUL.-ZEYD. He's just upon us.

BEND. I know him from a far,
By the long stride, and by the sullen port :
Retire, my Lord.

Wait on your brother's triumph, yours is next ;
His growth is but a wild and fruitless plant,

I'll

I'll cut his barren branches to the stock,
And graft you on to bear.

MUL-ZEYD. My oracle! [Exit MULEY-ZEYD.]

BEND. Yes, to delude your hopes,
This easy fool must be my state, set up
To catch the people's eyes; he's tame and merciful;
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By some unpopular act, and then dethrone him.

[Enter DORAX.]

Now DORAX!

BEND, Bare BENDUCAR!

DORAX. Well, BENDUCAR!

DOR. Thou wou'dst have titles, take 'em then, chief
Minister, first hangman of the state.

BEND. Some call me favourite.

DOR. What's that, his minion?
Thou art too old to be a catamite!
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy pride,
Is not BENDUCAR bare, a better name
In a friend's mouth, than all those gawdy titles,
Which I disdain to give the man I love?

BEND. But always out of humour,——

DOR. I have cause:
Tho' all mankind is cause enough for satire.

BEND. Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on mankind;
They say, in fight thou hadst a thirsty sword,
And well 'twas glutted there. But let me know,
Brave renegade! cou'dst thou not meet SEBASTIAN?
Thy master had been worthy of thy sword.

DOR. My master! by what title?
Because I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be a king? and yet I serv'd him;
Nay, I was fool enough to love him too.

You know my story, how I was rewarded
For fifteen hard campaigns, still hoop'd in iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful;
But whosoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

BEND. Still you run off from bias; say what moves
Your present spleen?

DOR. Yow mark'd not what I told you:

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I kill'd not one that was his maker's image ;
 I met with none but vulgar two-legg'd brutes.
 SEBASTIAN was my aim ; he was a man ;
 Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
 Yet I must do him right ; he was a man,
 Above man's height, e'en tow'ring to *Divinity*.
 Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal ;
 Just as the scales of Heav'n that weigh the seasons ;
 He lov'd his people, him they idoliz'd,
 And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him ;
 That thus, unblameable to all besides,
 He err'd to me alone :
 His goodness was diffus'd to human kind,
 And all his cruelty confin'd to me.

BEND. You cou'd not meet him then ?

DOR. No, though I fought
 Where ranks fell thickest ; 'twas indeed the place
 To seek SEBASTIAN : through a track of death
 I followed him, by groans of dying foes ;
 But still I came too late ; for he was flown
 Like lightning, swift before me to new slaughters ;
 I mow'd across, and made irregular harvest,
 Defac'd the pomp of battle, but in vain ;
 For he was still supplying death else-where :
 This mads me, that perhaps ignoble hands
 Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer :
 Murder'd by multitudes, whom I alone
 Had right to slay ; I too wou'd have been slain,
 That catching hold upon his flitting ghost
 I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n ;
 And dragg'd him down with me, spight of predestina-
 tion.

BEND. 'Tis of as much import as *Afric's* worth
 To know what came of him, and of ALMEYDA,
 The sister of the vanquish'd MAHOMET,
 Whose fatal beauty to her brother drew
 The land's third part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n's.

DOR. I hope she perish'd in the general rout.
 As for SEBASTIAN we must search the field,
 And, where we see a mountain of the slain,
 Send one to climb, and looking down below,
 There he shall find him at his manly length

With

With his face lift up to Heav'n, in the red monument,
Which his true sword has digg'd.

BEND. Yet we may possibly hear farther news;
For while our *Africans* pursu'd the chace,
The captain of the rabble issued out,
With a black shirtless train to spoil the dead,
And seize the living.

DOR. Each of 'em an host,
A million strong of vermin ev'ry villain:
No part of government, but lords of anarchy,
Chaos of power, and privileg'd destruction.

BEND. Yet I must tell you, friend, the great must use 'em,
Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult.

DOR. I wou'd use 'em
Like dogs in times of plague, out-laws of nature,
Fit to be shot and brain'd, without a process,
To stop infection; that's their proper death.

BEND. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to survey
The slaves, in order to perform his vow.

*Enter MULEY-MOLUCH the Emperor, with attendants.
The MUFTI, and MULEY-ZEYDAN.*

M. MOL. Our armour now may rust, our idle scimitars
Hang by our sides, for ornament not use:
Children shall beat our atabals and drums,
And all the noisy trades of war, no more
Shall wake the peaceful morn: the *Xeriff's* blood
No longer in divided channels runs,
The younger house took end in *MAHOMET*.
Nor shall *SEBASTIAN's* formidable name
Be longer us'd to lull the crying babe!

MUFTI. For this victorious day our mighty Prophet
Expects your gratitude, the sacrifice
Of Christian slaves, devoted, if you won.

M. MOL. The purple present shall be richly paid:
That vow perform'd, fasting shall be abolish'd:
Preach abstinence no more; I tell thee, MUFTI,
Good feasting is devout: and thou, our head,
Hast a religious, ruddy countenance;
We well have leaped luxury: our lean faith
Gives scandal to the Christians: they feed high:

B

Then

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Then look for shoals of converts, when thou hast Reform'd us into fasting.

MUF. Fasting is but the letter of the law :
Yet it shows well to preach it to the vulgar.
Wine is against our law ; that's literal too,
But not deny'd to kings and to their guides :
Wine is a holy liquor, for the great. [English]

DOR. [aside.] This MUSTA, in my conscience, is some Renegade, he talks so favourably of toping.

M. MOL. Bring forth th' unhappy relicks of the war.

Enter MUSTAPHA, Captain of the rabble, with his followers of the black guard, &c. and other Moors : with them a company of Portuguese slaves without any of the chief persons.

M. MOL. These are not fit to pay an Emperor's vow ;
Our bulls and rams had been more noble victims ;
These are but garbage, not a sacrifice. [off'rings :

MUF. The Prophet must not pick and choose his
Now he has giv'n the day, 'tis past recalling :
And he must be content with such, as these. [masters.

M. MOL. But are these all ? Speak you who are their

MUST. All, upon my honour : If you will take 'em as
their fathers got 'em, so. If not, you must stay till they
get a better generation.

M. MOL. Pain of your lives let none conceal a slave.

MUST. Let every man look to his own conscience ; I
am sure mine shall never hang me.

BEND. Thou speak'st as thou wert privy to conceal-
ments : Then thou art an accomplice.

MUST. Nay, if accomplices must suffer, it may go
hard with me ; but here's the devil on't, there's a great
man, and a holy man too, concern'd with me. Now if I
confess, he'll be sure to 'scape between his greatness and
his holiness, and I shall be murder'd because of my po-
verty and rascality.

MUF. [winking at him.] Then if thy silence save the
great and holy,

'Tis sure thou shalt go straight to paradise.

MUST. 'Tis a fine place they say ; but, Doctor, I am
not worthy on't : I am contented with this homely
world ;

world; 'tis good enough for such a poor rascally Mussulman as I am: besides I have learnt so much good manners, Doctor, as to let my betters be serv'd before me.

M. MOL. Thou talk'st as if the MURTI were concern'd.

MUST. Your Majesty may lay your soul on't: but for my part, though I am a plain fellow, yet I scorn to be trick'd into paradise; I wou'd he shou'd know it. The truth on't is an't like you, His reverence bought of me the flower of all the market; these—these are but dogs meat to 'em, and a round price he paid me too, I'll say that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for, If I get paradise when my time comes, I can't help myself; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind bargain.

M. MOL. Where are those slaves? produce 'em.

MUF. They are not what he says.

M. MOL. No more excuses. *[One goes out to fetch them.]*
Know thou may'st better dally

With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

MUF. But I reserv'd 'em to present thy greatness
An off'ring worthy thee.

MUST. By the same token there was a dainty virgin,
(Virgin said it but I wou't be too positive of that neither)
with a roguish leering eye! he paid me down for her
upon the nail a thousand golden *Sultanis*; or he had
never had her, I can tell him that: Now is it very likely
he would pay so dear for such a delicious morsel, and
give it away out of his own mouth; when it had such a
farewel with it too?

Enter SEBASTIAN conducted in mean habit, with ALVAREZ, ANTONIO, and ALMEYDA: her face veil'd with a Barnus.

M. MOL. Ay; These look like the workmanship of
This is the porcelain clay of human-kind, [Heav'n.
And therefore cast into these noble moulds.

DORAX *aside*, while the EMPEROR whispers BENDUCAR:

By all my wrongs 'tis he; he's poison to me;
My injur'd honour, and my ravish'd love,
Bleed at their murderer's sight.

BENDUCAR *to DORAX aside*.

The Emperor wou'd learn these pris'ners names;
You know 'em.

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DOR, Tell him, No ;
And trouble me no more. — I will not know 'em.
Aside.] Revenge must be my own ; I scorn a proxy.

M. MOL. 'Tis decreed,
These of a better aspect, with the rest,
Shall share one common doom, and lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd captive put a ball
Into an urn ; three only black be there,
The rest, all white, are safe.

MUF. Hold, sir, the woman must not draw.

M. MOL. O MUFTI,
We know your reason, let her share the danger.

MUF. Our law says plainly women have no souls :

M. MOL. 'Tis true, their souls are mortal, set her by :
Yet were ALMEYDA here, though fame reports her
The fairest of her sex, so much unseen,
I hate the sister of our rival house,
Ten thousand such dry notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her life, if not immortal :
Die as she cou'd, all of a piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here an urn is brought in ; the pris'ners approach with great concern. ; and among the rest SEBASTIAN, ALVAREZ and ANTONIO ; who come more chearfully.

DOR. Poor abject creatures how they fear to die !

[Aside.

These never knew one happy hour in life,
Yet shake to lay it down : is load so pleasant ?
Or has Heav'n hid the happiness of death
That men may bear to live ? — Now for our heroes.

The three approach.

O, these come up with spirits more resolv'd !
Old venerable ALVAREZ, well I know him,
The fav'rite once of this SEBASTIAN's father :
Now minister ; (too honest for his trade),
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In age ill practis'd, yet his prop in death.
O, he has drawn a black ; and smiles upon't,
As who should say, my faith and soul are white

The

Tho' my lot's swarthy : Now if there be hereafter,
He's blest ; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd.

ANTON. *holding his lot in his clench'd hand.*

Here I have thee,

Be what thou wilt, I will not look too soon.

Thou hast a colour ; if thou prov'st not right,

I have a minute good 'ere I behold thee.

Blind men say white feels smooth, and black feels rough:

Thou hast a rugged skin ; I do not like thee. { *Draws*
SEBASTIAN *comes up to draw.* { *a black.*

M. MOL. to BEN. Mark him who now approaches to
the lott'ry ;

He looks secure of death, superior greatness,

Like Jove, when he made fate, and said thou art

The slave of my creation ; I admire him.

BEND. He looks as man was made with face erect,

That scorns his brittle corps, and seems ashamed

He's not all spirit, his eyes with a dumb pride,

Accusing fortune that he fell not warm :

Yet now disdains to live. [SEBAST. *draws a black.*

M. MOL. He has his wish,

And I have fail'd of mine !

DOR. Robb'd of my vengeance by a trivial chance !

Shall I discover him ? no, 'twere low and base !

Ev'n abject, and below those vulgar souls,

That shar'd his danger, yet not one disclos'd him :

But struck with reverence, kept an awful silence.

I'll see no more of this : dog of a Prophet ! [Ex. DOR.

M. MOL. One of these three is a whole hecatomb ;

And therefore only one of 'em shall die.

The rest are but mute cattle ; and when death

Comes, like a rushing lion, couch like spaniels,

With lolling tongues, and tremble at the paw ;

Let lots again decide it.

[The three draw again, and the lot falls on SEBASTIAN.

SEBAST. Then there's no more to manage ! if I fall,

It shall be like myself ; a setting sun

Shou'd leave a track of glory in the skies.

Behold SEBASTIAN King of Portugal.

M. MOL. SEBASTIAN ! ha ! it must be he ; no other
Cou'd represent such suff'ring Majesty :

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I saw him, as he terms himself, a sun
Struggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day.
On either side of the black orb that veil'd him.

SEBAST. Not less ev'n in this despicable now,
Than when my name fill'd *Afric* with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

BEND. to M. MOL. Extravagantly brave! ev'n to an
Impudence of greatness.

SEBAST. Here satiate all your fury ;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul, that like an ample shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
I would have conquer'd you ; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of land for a third world ;
To give my loosen'd subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I fate's ; now I have pleas'd my longings.
And trod the ground which I beheld from far.
I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay :
For if you give it burial there, it takes
Possession of your earth :

If burnt and scatter'd in the air, the winds,
That strow my dust, diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime : for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there SEBASTIAN reigns.

M. MOL. What shall I do to conquer thee ?

SEB. Impossible !
Souls know no conquerors.

M. MOL. I'll show thee for a monster thro' my *Afric*.

SEB. No, thou canst only show me for a man :
Afric is stor'd with monsters ; man's a prodigy.
Thy subjects have not seen.

M. MOL. Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of battle.

SEB. Thou mistak'st,
For then I would not talk.

M. MOL. Thou'rt brave too late :
Thou shou'dst have dy'd in battle, like a soldier.

SEB. I fought and fell like one, but death deceiv'd me,
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To crush my soul out.

M. Mol.

M. MOL. Still untameable!
In what a ruin has thy head-strong pride,
And boundless thirst of empire, plung'd thy people.

SEBAST. What say'st thou, ha! No more of that.

M. MOL. Behold,
What carcases of thine thy crime has strew'd,
And left our *Afric* vultures to devour.

BEND. Those souls were those thy God intrusted with
thee,
To cherish not destroy.

SEBAST. Witness, O Heav'n, how much
This sight concerns me! wou'd I had a life
For each of these; how gladly wou'd I pay
The ransom down: But since I have but one,
'Tis a king's life, and freely 'tis bestow'd.
Not your false Prophet, but eternal Justice
Has destin'd me the lot, to die for these:
'Tis fit a Sovereign so shou'd pay such subjects;
For subjects such as they are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need;
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,
But shar'd my dangers to the last event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: These thanks I pay
you; [Wipes his eyes.

And know that when SEBASTIAN weeps, his tears
Come harder than his blood.

M. MOL. They plead too strongly
To be withstood: my clouds are gath'ring too,
In kindly mixture with his royal show'r:
Be safe, and owe thy life, not to my gift,
But to the greatness of thy mind, SEBASTIAN:
Thy subjects too shall live; a due reward
For their untainted faith, in thy concealment.

MUFTI. Remember, sir, your vow.

M. MOL. Do thou remember
Thy function, mercy, and provoke not blood.

SEBAST. A mercy unexpected, undesir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the art to vanquish;
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you, sir)
Have giv'n me life but in my subjects safety;
Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

M. MOL. Still great, and grateful, that's thy cha-
racter. Unveil

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Unveil the woman ; I wou'd view the face
That warin'd our MUFTI's zeal :
Those pious parrots peck the fairest fruit ;
Such tasters are for kings :

[Officers go to unveil ALMEYDA.]

ALM. Stand off ye slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. MOL. Slave is thy title : force her.

SEB. On your lives,
Approach her not.

M. MOL. How's this !

SEB. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me speak. —

ALM. Hear me ; I will be heard :
I am no slave ; the noblest blood of *Afric*
Runs in my veins ; a purer stream than thine ;
For though deriv'd from the same source, thy current
Is puddled and defil'd with tyranny.

M. MOL. What female fury have we here !

ALM. I shou'd be one,
Because of kin to thee : wou'dst thou be touch'd
By the presuming hands of saucy grooms ?
The same respect, nay more, is due to me :
More for my sex ; the same for my descent.
These hands are only fit to draw the curtain,
Now, if thou dar'st behold ALMEYDA's face.

[Unveils herself.]

She whom thy *Mufti* tax'd to have no soul ;
Let *Afric* now be judge ;
Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,
As did SEBASTIAN when he own'd his greatness.
But to remove that scruple, know, base man,
My murder'd father, and my brother's ghost
Still haunt this breast, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I could forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

M. MOL. Would'st thou revenge thee, traitress, hadst
thou pow'r ?

ALM. Traitor, I wou'd ; the name's more justly thine :
Thy father was not more than mine, the heir
Of this large empire ; but with arms united
They fought their way, and seiz'd the crown by force :
And equal as their danger was their share :
For where was eldership, where none had right

But

A T R A G E D Y. 17

But that which conquest gave? 'twas thy ambition
 Pull'd from my peaceful father what his sword
 Help'd thine to gain: surpriz'd him and his kingdom,
 No provocation given, no war declar'd.

M. MOL. I'll hear no more.

ALM. This is the living coal that burning in me
 Wou'd flame to vengeance, cou'd it find a vent.
 My brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
 In his deep wat'ry bed: my wand'ring mother,
 Who in exile died.

O that I had the fruitful heads of HYDRA,
 That one might bourgeon where another fell;
 Still wou'd I give thee work; still, still, thou tyrant
 And hiss thee with the last. [me:]

M. MOL. Something, I know not what, comes over
 Whether the toils of battle, unrepair'd
 With due repose, or other sudden qualms.

BENDUCAR do the rest. [Goes off, the court follows him.]

BEND. Strange; in full health! this pang is of the soul;
 The body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
 Conduct these royal captives to the castle;
 Bid DORAX use 'em well, till farther order,

[Going off, slaps.]

Th' inferior captives their first owners take,
 To sell, or to dispose.—You MUSTAPHA,
 Set open the market for the slaves. [Exit BENDUCAR.]

The masters and slaves come forward, and buyers of several qualities come in and chaffer.

MUST. My chattels are come into my hands again;
 and my conscience will serve me to sell 'em twice over;
 any price now, before the MUFTI comes to claim 'em.

First MERCHANT to MUSTAPHA.

What dost hold that bold fellow at?

[Pointing to ALVAREZ.]

He's tough and has no service in his limbs.

MUST. I confess he's somewhat tough; but I suppose
 you wou'd not boil him. I ask for him a thousand crowns.

I. MER. Thou mean'st a thousand marvedi's.

MUST. Prithee friend, give me leave to know my
 own meaning.

I MER.

18 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

1 MER. What virtues has he to deserve that price?

MUST. Marry come up sir! virtues quotha! I took him in the king's company; he's of a great family, and rich; what other virtues wou'dst thou have in a Nobleman?

1 MER. I buy him with another man's purse, that's my comfort.

My lord DORAX, the governor, will have him at any rate:—

There's handsel.

Come old fellow to the castle.

ALVAR. To what is miserable age reserv'd! [*Aside*,
But Oh the King! and Oh the fatal secret!
Which I have kept thus long, to time it better,
And now I wou'd disclose 'tis past my pow'r.

[*Exit with his master.*]

MUST. Something of a secret, and of the king I heard him mutter: a pimp I warrant him; for I am sure he is an old courtier.

Now to put off t'other remnant of my merchandize.—

Enter a Second MERCHANT.

2 MER. You, friend, what do you ask for this bauble?

MUST. Bauble do you call him; he's a substantial true-bred beast; bravely fore-handed; mark but the cleannels of his shapes too; his dam may be a *Spanish* gennet, but a true Barb by the fire, or I have no skill in horse flesh.—

Marry, I ask six hundred *Xeriffs* for him.

Enter MUFTI.

MUFTI. What's that you are asking, sirrah?

MUST. Marry, I ask your reverence six hundred pardons; I was doing you a small piece of service here, putting off your chattels for you.

MUFTI. And putting the money into your own pocket,

MUST. Upon vulgar reputation, no my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. What, wrong the head of my religion? I was sensible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any man that shou'd have injur'd you in a single farthing; for I knew that was sacrifice.

MUFTI, Sacrilege you mean, sirrah, — and damning shall

shall be the least part of your punishment; I have taken you in the fact, and have the law upon you.

MUST. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor man in this world, and damn him in the next.

MUFTI. No sirrah, so you may repent and 'scape punishment: did not you sell this very slave amongst the rest to me, and take morey for him.

MUST. Right, my Lord.

MUFTI. And selling him again? take money twice for the same commodity? Oh, villain!

But did you not know him to be my slave, sirrah?

MUST. Why shou'd I lye to your honour, I did know him; and thereupon, seeing him wander about, I took him up for a stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right owner.

MUFTI. And yet at the same time was selling him to another: how rarely the story hangs together.

MUST. Patience, my Lord.

I took him up, as your heriot, with intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a purse to you; for I know you wou'd have spent half of it upon your pious pleasures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in charities to the poor.

MUFTI. And what's become of my other slave? thou hast sold him too, I have a villainous suspicion.

MUST. I knew you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robustous fellow, that old spark, who was nothing but skin and bone, and by consequence, very nimble, slipt through my fingers like an eel; for there was no hold fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new master.

MUFTI to ANTONIO.

Follow me home, sirrah: [to MUST.] I shall remember you some other time. [Exit MUFTI with ANTONIO.]

MUST. I never doubted your Lordship's memory, for an ill turn: and I shall remember him too in the next rising of the mobile, for this act of resumption; and more especially for the ghostly counsel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd myself in silence, to have sav'd his reverence. The best on't is, I am beforehand with him, for selling one of his slaves twice over. —

And

20 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketted up t'other : for what should a poor man do, that gets his living by hard labour, but pray for bad times when he may get it easily. O, for some incomparable tumult ! then shou'd I naturally wish, that the beaten party might prevail, because we have plundered t'other side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own interest pray,
'Tis our's to make our fortunes while we may ;
For kingdoms are not conquer'd every day.

[Exit. MUSTAPHA.]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Supposed to be a terrace-walk, on the side of the castle of Alcazar.

EMPEROR, BENDUCAR,

EMPEROR.

AND think'st thou not it was discovered ?

BEND. No :

The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
The walks of muffled Gods ; Sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they please t' admit, approach.

EMP. Did not my conscious-eyes flash out a flame
To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose
The secret path I trode ?

BEND. I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a clue
To that close labyrinth ; how then shou'd they ?

EMP. I wou'd be loth they shou'd : It breeds contempt
For herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt lion groans within his den :
But is't not strange ?

BEND. To love ? not more than 'tis to live ; a tax
Impos'd on all by nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being.

EMP. still 'tis strange

To me : I know my soul as wild as winds,
That sweep the deserts of our moving plains :
Love might as well be sow'd upon our sands,
As in a breast so barren :

To love an enemy, the only one
Remaining too, whom yester sun beheld,
Must ring her charms, and rolling, as she past
By every squadron, her alluring eyes ;
To edge her champion swords, and urge my ruin !
The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannon,
Maintain e'en still a deaf and murmur'ing noise ;
Nor am I yet recover'd of the sound
Her battle rous'd : yet spite of me I love.

BEND. What then controuls you,
Her person and her party in your power ?

EMP. A thousand things controul this conqueror,
My native pride to own th' unworthy passion,
Hazard of int'rest, and my people's love :
To what a storm of fate am I expos'd !
What if I had her murd'red ? 'tis but what
My subjects all expect, and she deserves.
Wou'd not th' impossibility
Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
Calm all this rage, this hurrican of soul ?

BEND. That ever, ever !
I mark'd the double, shows extreme reluctance
To part with her for ever.

EMP. Right, thou hast me,
I wou'd but cannot kill : I must enjoy her :
I must, and what I must I surely will.
What's royalty but pow'r to please myself ?
And if I dare not, then am I a slave,
And my own slaves the lov'reigns.——'Tis resolv'd.
Weak princes flatter when they want the pow'r
To curb their people ; tender plants must bend ;
But when a government is grown to strength,
Like some old oak, rough with its armed bark ;
It yeilds not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to sullen state.

BEND. Then you resolve
T' implore her pity, and to beg relief ?

EMP. Death, must I beg the pity of a slave ?

22 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

Must a king beg? Yes love's a greater King;
A tyrant, nay, a devil that possesses me,
And drives me on by force——

Say I shou'd wed her, wou'd not my wise subjects
Take check, and think it strange? perhaps revolt?

BEND. I hope they wou'd not.

EMP. Then thou doubt'st they wou'd?

BEND. To whom?

EMP. To her

Perhaps, to my brother, or to thee.

BEND. *[in disorder]*.

To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!

The name of treason shakes my honest soul.

If I am doubted, Sir,

Secure yourself this moment, take my life.

EMP. No more: If I suspected thee—I wou'd.

BEND. I thank your kindness: guilt had almost lost
me! *[Aside]*.

EMP. But clear my doubts: think'st thou they may
rebel.

[BEND. Aside].

This goes as I wou'd wish:—— *(to the EMP.)* 'Tis
possible.

A secret party still remains, that lurks
Like embers rak'd in ashes—wanting but
A breath to blow aside th' involving dust,
And then they blaze abroad.

EMP. They must be trampled out.

BEND. But first be known.

EMP. Torture shall force it from 'em.

BEND. You wou'd not put a nation to the rack?

EMP. Yes, the whole world; so I be safe, I care not.

BEND. Our limbs and lives

Are yours, but mixing friends with foes is hard.

EMP. All may be foes; or how to be distinguish'd,
If some be friends?

BEND. They may with ease be winnow'd;

Suppose some one, who has deserv'd your trust,

Some one, who knows mankind, shou'd be employ'd

To mix among 'em, seem a malecontent,

And dive into their breasts, to try how far

They dare oppose your love?

EMP.

EMP. I like this well : 'tis wholesome wickedness.

BEND. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no cranny of his soul unsearch'd :
Then like a bee bagg'd with his honey'd venom,
He brings it to your hive : If such a man,
So able, and so honest, may be found ;
If not, my project dies——

EMP. By all my hopes thou hast describ'd thyself :—
Thou, thou alone are fit to play that engine,
Thou only cou'd'st contrive.

BEND. Sure, I cou'd serve you :
I think I cou'd :——but here's the difficulty,
I'm so entirely yours,
That I shou'd scurvily dissemble hate ;
The cheat wou'd be too gross.

EMP. Art thou a statesman,
And canst not be a hypocrite ?——Impossible !
Do not distrust thy virtues.

BEND. If I must personate this seeming villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.

EMP. No more words :
Love goads me to ALMEYDA. All affairs
Are troublesome but that ; and yet that most.

[Going,

Bid DORAX treat SEBASTIAN like a king ;
I had forgot him ;——but this love marrs all,
And takes up my whole breast. [Exit EMPEROR.

BEND. (to the EMP.) Be sure I'll tell him——
With all the aggravating circumstances [Alone.
I can, to make him swell at that command,
The tyrant first suspected me :

Then, with a sudden gust, he whirl'd about,
And trusted me too far : madness of pow'r !
Now, by his own consent, I ruin him.
For, shou'd some feeble soul, for fear or gain,
Bolt out t' accuse me, ev'n the king is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the secret.

How sweet is treason when the traitor's safe !
(Sees the MUFTI and DORAX entering, and seeming to
confer.)

The MUFTI, and with him my sullen DORAX,
That first is mine already.

24: DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*,

'Twas easy work to gain a cov'tous mind,
Whom rage to lose his pris'ners had prepar'd:
Now, caught himself,
He wou'd seduce another; I must help him:
For church men, though they itch to govern all,
Are silly, woeful, awkward politicians;
They make lame mischief, though they mean it well.

MUF. He'll tell you more.

DOR. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy morals.

BEND. to DOR. You seem warm:
The good man's zeal, perhaps, is gone too far.

DOR. Not very far; not farther than zeal goes
Of course; a small day's journey short of treason.

MUF. By all that's holy, treason was not nam'd:
I spar'd the Emperor's broken vows to save
The slave from death; though it was cheating Heav'n,
But I forgave him that.

DOR. And slighted o'er [scornfully].
The wrongs himself sustain'd in property:
When his bought slaves were seiz'd by force, no loss
Of his consider'd, and no cost repaid.

MUF. Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely:
Some modest hints of private wrongs I urg'd.

DOR. Two thirds of all he said: there he began;
To shew the fulness of his heart, there ended;
Some short excursions of a broken vow
He made indeed, but flat insipid stuff:
But when he made his loss the theme, he flourish'd,
Reliev'd his fainting rhetoric with new figures,
And thunder'd at oppressing tyranny.

MUF. Why not, when sacrilegious pow'r wou'd seize
My property; 'tis an affront to Heav'n,
Whose person, though unworthy, I sustain.

DOR. You've made such strong alliances above,
That 'twere profaneness in us laity
To offer earthly aid.

I tell thee, MURRI, if the world were wise,
They wou'd not wag one finger in your quarrels;
Your Heav'n you promise, but our earth you covet:
The *Phaethons* of mankind, who fire that world,
Which you were sent, by preaching, but to warn.

BEND. This goes beyond the mark.

MUF.

MUF. No, let him rail;
His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare convert.

DOR. Now his zeal yearns,
To see me burnt; he damns me from his church,
Because I wou'd restrain him to his duty;
Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures and their diseases?
If this be so, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole employment, all your care:
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.

BEND. *to the MUFTI.* He speaks but reason.

DOR. Why then these foreign thoughts of state-
employments,
Abhorrent to your function and your breeding?
Poor droning truants of unpractis'd cells,
Bred in the fellowship of bearded boys,
What wonder is it if you know not men?
Yet there you live demure, with down-cast eyes,
And humble as your discipline requires;
But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of devotion dies:
Then luxury succeeds, and, set agog
With a new scene of yet untasted joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the feast.
Of all your college virtues, nothing now
But your original ignorance remains:
Bloated with pride, ambition, avarice,
You swell to counsel kings and govern kingdoms.

MUF. He prates as if kings had not consciences,
And none requir'd directors but the croud.

DOR. As private men they want you, not as kings;
Nor wou'd you care t' inspect their public conscience,
But that it draws dependencies of pow'r,
And earthly interest which you long to sway.
Content you with monopolizing Heaven,
And let this little hanging ball alone;

26 DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal.

For give you but a foot of conscience there,
And you, like *Archimedes*, toss the globe.
We know your thoughts of us, that laymen are
Lag souls, and rubbish of remaining clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of breath,
And bid us pass for men.

MUF. I will not answer,
Base foul mouth'd renegade; but I'll pray for thee,
To shew my charity. [Exit MUFTI.]

DOR. Do; but forget not him who needs it most:
Allow thyself some share: He's gone too soon;
I had to tell him of his holy jugglings;
Things that would startle faith, and make us deem
Not this or that, but all religions false.

BEND. Our holy orator has lost the cause; [*Aside.*
But I shall yet redeem it—[to DORAX.] let him go;
For I have secret orders from the Emperor,
Which none but you must hear: I must confess,
I cou'd have wish'd some other hand had brought 'em.
When did you see your pris'ner great SEBASTIAN?

DOR. You might as well have ask'd me when I saw
A crested dragon, or a basilisk;
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.
He knows not I am I; nor shall he see me
Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought
That rolls within my breast.

BEND. 'Twas my mistake;
I guess'd indeed that time and his misfortune,
And your returning duty had effac'd
The memory of past wrongs; they wou'd in me;
And I judg'd you as tame and as forgiving.

DOR. Forgive him! no, I left my foolish faith,
Because it wou'd oblige me to forgiveness.

BEND. I can but grieve to find you obstinate;
For you must see him; 'tis our Emperor's will,
And strict command.

DOR. I laugh at that command. [Exit BEND.]

BEND. You must do more than see; serve and respect

DOR. See, serve him, and respect; and after all
My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I must do this!
But I forget myself.

BEND. Indeed you do.

[DOR.]

DOR. The Emperor is a stranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my story to revoke
This hard commission.

BEND. Can you call me friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to speak, at full,
Th' affronts you had from your ungrateful master.

DOR. And yet enjoin'd my service, and attendance?

BEND. And yet enjoin'd 'em both. Wou'd that were
He screw'd his face into a harden'd smile; [all;
And said, SEBASTIAN knew to govern slaves.

DOR. Slaves are the growth of *Afric*, not of *Europe*:
By Heav'n I will not lay down my commission;
Not at his foot, I will not stoop so low;
But if there be a part in all his face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

BEND. You may; but then you lose all future means
Of vengeance on SEBASTIAN, when no more
Alcaide of this fort.

DOR. Th' thought escap'd me. [both:

BEND. Keep your command; and be reveng'd on
Nor soothe yourself; you have no power t' affront him:
The Emp'r's love protects him from your power,
And he, who spoke that proud ill-natur'd word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconciliation to SEBASTIAN;
Nay, bid you kneel, and kiss th' offending foot
That kick'd you from his presence.
But think not to divide their punishment;
You cannot touch a hair of loath'd SEBASTIAN
While MULEY-MOLUCH lives.

DOR. What means this riddle?

BEND. 'Tis out; there needs no *Oedipus* to solve it.
Our Emp'r is a tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I scarce remember, in his reign, one day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the sun is lost that sees not blood;
When none is shed we count it holiday.
We, who are most in favour, cannot call
This hour our own!—you know the younger brother
Mild MULEY-ZEIDAN.

DOR. Hold, and let me think.

BEND. The soldiers idolize you;

He

28 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

He trusts you with the castle,
The key of all his kingdom.

DOR. Well ; and he trusts you too.

BEND. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring enterprize. [him ?

DOR. He trusts us both ; mark that : shall we betray
A master who reposes life and empire
In our fidelity : I grant he is a tyrant,
That hated name my nature most abhors ;
More, as you say, has loaded me with scorn :
Ev'n with the last contempt, to serve SEBASTIAN.
Yet more, I know he vacates my revenge ;
Which, but by this revolt, I cannot compass :
But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a part
To fawn and yet betray, I should be his'd
And whoop'd in hell for that ingratitude.

BEND. Consider well what I have done for you.

DOR. Consider thou what thou wou'dst have me do.

BEND. You've too much honour for a renegade.

DOR. And thou too little faith to be a fav'rite.
Is not the bread thou eat'st, the robe thou wear'st,
Thy wealth, and honours, all the pure indulgence
of him thou wou'dst destroy ?
And wou'd his creature, nay his friend betray him ?
Why then no bond is left on human kind :
Distrusts, debates, immortal strifes ensue :
Children may murder parents, wives their husbands ;
All must be rapine, wars, and desolation,
When trust and gratitude no longer bind.

BEND. Well have you argued in your own defence :
You, who have burst asunder all those bonds,
And turn'd a rebel to your native Prince.

DOR. True, I rebell'd ; but when did I betray ?
Indignities, which man cou'd not support,
Provok'd my vengeance to this noble crime.
But he had stripp'd me first of my command,
Dismiss'd my service, and absolv'd my faith ;
And, with disdainful language, dar'd my worth.
I but accepted war, which he denounc'd ;
Else had you seen, not DORAX, but ALONZO,
With his couch'd lance against your foremost Moors :
Perhaps too turn'd the fortune of the day ;

Made *Afric* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.

BEND. Let me embrace thee.

DOR. Stand off, sycophant,
And keep infection distant.

BEND. Brave and honest.

DOR. In spite of thy temptations.

BEND. Call 'em trials;

'They were no more: thy faith was held in balance,

And nicely weigh'd by jealousy of pow'r;

Vast was the trust of such a royal charge;

And our wise Emperor might justly fear

SEBASTIAN might be freed and reconcil'd,

By new obligations to thy former love.

DOR. I doubt thee still; thy reasons were too strong,
And driv'n too near the head to be but artifice.

And after all, I know thou art a statesman,

Where truth is rarely found.

BEND. Behold the Emperor:

[Enter EMP. SEB. and ALMEYDA.]

Ask him, I beg thee to be justify'd,

If he employ'd me not to ford thy soul,

And try the footing, whether false or firm.

DOR. Death to my eyes, I see SEBASTIAN with him!

Must he be serv'd! avoid him; if we meet,

It must be like the crush of heav'n and earth,

T'involve us both in ruin.

[Exit DORAX.]

BEND. 'Twas a bare saving game I made with DORAX:

But better so than lost; he cannot hurt me,

That I precaution'd: I must ruin him.

But now this love; Ay, there's the gathering storm!

The Tyrant must not wed ALMEYDA; no,

That ruins all the fabric I am raising.

Yet seeming to approve it gave me time,

And gaining time gains all.

[BENDUCAR goes and waits behind the EMPEROR. The
EMPEROR, SEBASTIAN and ALMEYDA advance
to the front of the stage.] Guards and Attendants.

EMP. to SEB. I bade 'em serve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my lions keen within their dens,

To stop their maws with disobedient slaves.

SEB.

30 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

SEB. If I had conquer'd,
They wou'd not have with more observance waited :
Their eyes, hands, feet,
Are all so quick, they seem t' have but one motion,
To catch my flying words. Only the *Alcaide*
Shuns me, and, with a grim civility,
Bows, and declines my walks.

EMP. A renegade :
I know not more of him ; but that he's brave,
And hates your Christian sect. If you can frame
A farther wish, give wing to your desires,
And name the thing you want.

SEB. My liberty ;
For were ev'n paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

EMP. Sure our two souls have somewhere been ac-
quainted
In former beings ; or, struck out together,
One spark to *Afric* flew, and one to *Portugal*.
Expect a quick deliverance : [*turning to ALM.*] here's a
third,

Of kindred soul to both : pity our stars
Have made us foes ! I shou'd not wish her death.

ALM. I ask no pity—If I thought my soul
Of kin to thine, soon wou'd I rend my heart-strings,
And tear out that alliance : but thou viper
Hast cancell'd kindred, made a rent in nature,
And thro' her holy bowels gnaw'd thy way
Through thy own blood to empire.

EMP. This again ;
And yet she lives, and only lives t' upbraid me.

SEB. What honour is there in a woman's death !
Wrong'd as she says, but helpless to revenge ;
Strong in her passion, impotent of reason,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd.
Mark her majestic fabrick ; she's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine.
Her soul's the deity that lodges there ;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

EMP. She's all that thou canst say or I can think :
But the perverseness of her clam'rous tongue
Strikes pity deaf.

SEB.

SEB. Then only hear her eyes;
 Though they are mute, they plead; nay more, command;
 For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power.
 All females have prerogative of sex,
 The she's ev'n of the savage herd are safe;
 And, when they snarl or bite, have no return
 But courtship from the male.

EMP. Were she not she, and I not MULEY-MOLUCH,
 She's mistress of inevitable charms,
 For all but me; nor am I so exempt,
 But that—I know not what I was to say—
 But I am too obnoxious to my friends;
 And sway'd by your advice.

SEB. Sir, I advis'd not.
 By Heav'n I never counsell'd love but pity.

EMP. By Heav'n thou didst: deny it not, thou didst;
 For what was all that prodigality
 Of praise, but to inflame me?—

SEB. Sir,——

EMP. No more:

Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my love.

SEB. Was ever man so ruin'd by himself! [*Aside.*]

ALM. Thy love; that odious mouth was never fram'd
 To speak a word so soft:

Name death again, for that thou canst pronounce
 With horrid grace, becoming of a tyrant.

Love is for human hearts, and not for thine,
 Where the brute beast extinguishes the man.

EMP. Such if I were, yet rugged lions love,
 And grapple, and compel their savage dams——

Mark, my SEBASTIAN, how that sullen frown, } *She*
 Like flashing lightning, opens angry Heav'n; } *frowns.*
 And while it kills, delights. But yet, insult not
 Too soon, proud beauty, I confess no love.

SEB. No sir, I said so, and I witness for you,
 Not love, but noble pity mov'd your mind:
 Int'rest might urge you too to save her life,
 For those, who with her party lost, might murmur
 At shedding royal blood.

EMP. Right, thou instruct'st me;
 Int'rest of state requires not death, but marriage,
 T' unite the jarring titles of our line.

SEB.

32 DON-SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

SEB. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aside.*
Like wild-fire thrown against the wind, returns
With double force to burn me.

EMP. Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous foe
The partner of my throne, and of my bed ———

ALM. Still thou disemb'lest; but I read thy heart,
And know the power of my own charms; thou lov'st,
And I am pleas'd for my revenge thou dost.

EMP. And thou hast cause.

ALM. I have; for I have pow'r to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of freedom.

EMP. Well then, I love——
And 'tis below my greatness to disown it :
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too ;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day sun,
Through the parch'd deserts, and the scorching sands,
T' enjoy thy love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.

ALM. 'Tis a false courage, when thou threaten'st me ;
Thou canst not stir a hand to touch my life :
Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st ;
Lay by the lions hide, vain conqueror,
And take the distaff: for thy soul's my slave.

EMP. Confusion! how thou view'st my very heart !
I cou'd, as soon,
Stop a spring-tide blown in, with my bare hand,
As this impetuous love:——Yes, I will wed thee ;
In spite of thee and of myself, I will.

ALM. For what? to people *Afric* with new monsters,
Which that unnatural mixture must produce?
No, were we join'd, e'en tho it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of THEBES wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided flames shou'd break from thine.

EMP. Serpent, I will engender poi'on with thee ;
Join hate with hate, and venom to the birth :
Our offspring, like the seed of dragons teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to death.

ALM. I'm calm again ; thou canst not marry me.

EMP. As gleams of sun-shine soften storms to show'rs,
So, if you smile, the loudness of my rage
In gentle whispers shall return, but this,——
That nothing can divert my love but death.

ALM.

ALM. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Christian;
 'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new belief,
 Wrongs I resent, nor pardon yet with ease:
 Those fruits come late, and are of slow increase
 In haughty hearts like mine: now, tell thyself
 If this one word destroy not thy designs:
 Thy law permits thee not to marry me.

EMP. 'Tis but a specious tale to blast my hopes,
 And baffle my pretensions. Speak, SEBASTIAN,
 Aud, as a king, speak true.

SEBAST. Then, thus adjur'd,
 On a king's word 'tis truth, but truth ill-tim'd:
 For her dear life is now expos'd a-new:
 Unless you wholly can put on divinity,
 And graciously forgive.

ALM. Now learn by this,
 The little value I have left for life,
 And trouble me no more.

EMP. I thank thee, woman;
 Thou hast restor'd me to my native rage;
 And I will seize my happiness by force.

SEBAST. Know, MULY-MOLUCH, when thou dar'st
 Attempt——

EMP. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to use
 A conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy silence.
 If thou wou'dst merit to be thought my friend,
 I leave thee to persuade her to compliance:
 If not, there's a new gust in ravishment,
 Which I have never try'd.

BEND. They must be watch'd;
 For something I observ'd creates a doubt. [Aside.]

Exeunt EMPEROR and BENDUCAR.

SER. I've been too tame, have basely born my wrongs,
 And not exerted all the king within me;
 I heard him, O sweet Heav'ns, he threaten'd rape;
 Nay insolently urg'd me to persuade thee,
 Ev'n thee, thou idol of my soul and eyes;
 For whom I suffer life, and drag this being.

ALM. You turn my prison into paradise;
 But I have turn'd your empire to a prison:
 In all your wars good fortune flew before you;
 Sublime you sat in triumph on her wheel;

34 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

Till in my fatal cause your sword was drawn ;
The weight of my misfortunes dragg'd you down.

SEB. And is't not strange, that Heav'n shou'd bless
my arms

In common causes and desert the best ?
Now in your greatest last extremity,
When I wou'd aid you most, and most desire it,
I bring but sighs, the succours of a slave.

ALM. Leave then the luggage of your fate behind,
To make your flight more easy, leave ALMEYDA.
Nor think me left a base ignoble prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's lust ;
My virtue is a guard beyond my strength,
And death, my last defence, within my call.

SEB. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come ;
Tyrants can tie him up from your relief :
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.

ALM. If shunning ill be good, then death is good
To those who cannot shun it but by death :
Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please :
But who has e'er return'd from these bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws ?
I'll venture landing on that happy shore
With an unfully'd body and white mind ;
If I have err'd, some kind inhabitant
Will pity a stray'd soul, and take me home.

SEB. Beware of death, thou canst not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccomplish'd love behind :
Thy vows are mine ; nor will I quit my claim :
The ties of minds are but imperfect bonds,
Unless the bodies join to seal the contract.

ALM. What joys can you possess, or can I give,
Where groans of death succeed the sighs of love ?
Our *Hymen* has not on his saff'ron robe ;
But muffled up in mourning, downward holds
His drooping torch, extinguish'd with his tears.

SEB. The god of love stands ready to revive it
With is ætherial breath.

ALM. 'Tis late to join, when we must part so soon.

SEB. Nay, rather let us haste it, e're we part :
Our souls, for want of that acquaintance here,

May wander in the starry walks above,
And, forc'd on worse companions, miss ourselves.

ALM. The Tyrant will not long be absent hence;
And soon I shall be ravish'd from your arms.

SEB. Wilt thou thyself become the greater tyrant,
And give not love, while thou hast love to give?
In dang'rous days, when riches are a crime,
The wise betimes make over their estates:
Make o'er thy honour, by a deed of trust,
And give me seizure of the mighty wealth.

ALM. What shall I do! O teach me to refuse——
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire presages fright my soul by day,
And boding visions haunt my nightly dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts;
Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo, from afar,
My mother's voice, that cries, Wed not ALMEYDA!
Forewarn'd ALMEYDA, marriage is thy crime.

SEB. Come laugh at fond presages; I had some;
Fam'd *Nostradamus*, when he took my horoscope,
Foretold my father I shou'd wed with incest:
'Ere this unhappy war my mother dy'd;
And sisters I had none; vain augury!
A long religious life, a holy age,
My stars assign'd me too; impossible.
For how can incest suit with holiness,
Or priestly orders with a princely state?

ALM. Old venerable ALVAREZ!—— [sighing.

SEB. But why that sigh in naming that good man?

ALM. Your father's counsellor and confident——

SEB. He was; and, if he lives, my second father:

ALM. Mark'd our farewell, when going to the fight,
You gave ALMEYDA for the word of battle;
'Twas in that fatal moment, he discover'd
The love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my eyes stood full of tears,
Yet through the mist, I saw him stedfast gaze:
Then knock'd his aged breast, and inward groan'd;
Like some sad prophet, that foresaw the doom
Of those whom best he lov'd, and cou'd not save.

D 2.

SEB.

36 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

SEB. It startles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the shock of battle was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd, but had not time,
Of our hid passion; then, with lifted hands,
He begg'd me by my father's sacred soul,
Not to espouse you, if he dy'd in fight:
For if he liv'd, and we were conquerors,
He had such things to urge against our marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my sword in battle,
And dastardize my courage.

ALM. My blood curdles;
And cakes about my heart.

SEB. I'll breathe a sigh so warm into thy bosom,
Shall make it flow again. My love, he knows not
Thou art a Christian; that produc'd his fear;
Lest thou shouldest sooth my soul with charms so strong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.

ALM. There must be more:
This cou'd not blunt your sword.

SEB. Yes, if I drew it with a curst intent,
To take a misbeliever to my bed;
It must be so.

ALM. Yet ———

SEB. No, thou shalt not plead
With that fair mouth against the cause of love.
Within this castle is a captive priest,
My holy confessor, whose free access
Not ev'n the barb'rous victors have refus'd;
This happy hour his hands shall make us one.

AM. I go, with love and fortune, two blind guides,
To lead my way; half loth, and half consenting.
If, as my soul forebodes, some dire event
Pursue this union, or some crime unknown,
Forgive me, Heav'n; and, all ye blest above,
Excuse the frailty of unbounded love.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

A Garden; with Lodging-rooms behind it; or on the sides.

Enter MUFTI, ANTONIO as a slave; and JOHAYMA the MUFTI's wife.

MUFTI. And how do you like him, look upon him well; he's a personable fellow of a Christian dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a gardner: ha! what say'st thou JOHAYMA?

JOH. He may make a shift to sow lettice, raise melons, and water a garden plat.

MUFTI. Why, honey-bird, I bought him a purpose for thee; didst not thou say thou long'st for a Christian slave?

JOH. Ay, but the sight of that loathsome creature has almost cur'd me.

And besides, I have always long'd for an eunuch; for they say that's a civil creature, and almost as harmless as yourself, husband: speak, fellow, are not you such a kind of peaceable thing?

ANT. I was never taken for one in my own country; and not very peaceable neither, when I am well provok'd.

MUFTI. To your occupation, dog; bind up the jessamines in yond' arbour, and handle your pruning knife with dexterity; tightly I say, go tightly to your business; you have cost me much; and must earn it in your work; here's plentiful provision for you, rascal, sallating in the garden, and water in the tank, and on holydays the licking of a platter of rice, when you deserve it.

JOH. What have you been bred up to, firrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my service? [ANTONIO *making legs.*

Why madam, I can perform as much as any man in a fair lady's service.

I can play upon the flute, and sing; I can carry your umbrella, and fan your ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no service either by day or by night shall come amiss to me; and besides I am of so quick

38 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

an apprehension that you need but wink upon me at any time to make me understand my duty. [*She winks at him.*

ANT. Very fine, she has tip'd the wink already. ——— [*Aside.*

JOH. The whelp may come to something in time.

MUFTI. A very malapert cur ; I can tell him that I do not like his fawning ; you must be taught your distance, firrah. [*Strikes him.*

JOH. Hold, hold ———

He has deserv'd it I confess ; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon ; we must not discourage a beginner. Your Reverence has taught us charity ev'n to birds and beasts : here you filthy brute you : ——— take this little alms to buy you plaisters.

[*Gives him a piece of money.*

ANT. Money and a love-pinch into the bargain.

[*Aside.*

Enter a SERVANT.

Sir, my Lord BENDUCAR is coming to wait on you, and is already at the palace-gate.

MUFTI. Come in JOHAYMA, regulate the rest of my wives and concubines, and leave the fellow to his work.

JOH. Look how stupidly he stares about him, like a calf new come into the world : I shall teach you firrah, to know your business a little better. ——— this way, you awkward rascal, here lies the harbour, must I be showing you eternally ? [*turning him about.*

MUFTI. Come away, minion ; you shall show him nothing.

JOH. I'll but bring him into the harbour, where a rose-tree and a myrtle are just falling for want of a prop ; if they were bound together they would help to keep up one another : ——— he's a raw gardener, and 'tis but charity to teach him.

MUFTI. No more deeds of charity to day ; come in, or I shall think you a little better dispos'd than I could wish you.

JOH. Well, go before, I will follow my pastor.

MUFTI. So you may cast a sheep's eye behind you : in before me. And you, sauciness, mind your pruning knife ; or I may chance to use it for you.

[*Exeunt MUFTI and JOHAYMA.*

ANT.

ANT. *alone.* Thank you for that; but I am in no such haste to be made a Mussulman. For his wedlock, with all her haughtiness, I find her coming. How far a Christian shou'd resist, I partly know; but how far a young Christian can resist is another question. She's tolerable, and I am a poor stranger, far from better friends, and in a bodily necessity: now have I a strange temptation to try what other females are belonging to this family: I am not far from the womens apartment I am sure; and if these birds are within distance, here's that will chuckle 'em together.

[Pulls out his flute and plays.]

A grate opens, and MORAYMA the MUFTI's daughter appears at it.

ANT. Ay there's an apparition! that is a morsel worthy of a Musli; ha! see, she beckons too ———

[She beckons to him.]

MOR. Come a little nearer and speak softly.

ANT. I come, I come I warrant thee; the least twinkle had brought me to thee; such another kind syl-lable or two wou'd turn me to a meteor and draw me up to thee.

MOR. I dare not speak, for fear of being over-heard; but if you think my person worth your hazard, and can deserve my love——the rest this note shall tell you——*(throws down a handkerchief)*. No more; my heart goes with you. *[Exit from the grate.]*

ANT. O thou pretty little heart, art thou flown hither? I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new nest: but now for my treasure trove, that's wrapt up in the handkerchief: no peeping herē, though I long to be spelling her *Arabic* scrawls and pot-books. But I must carry off my prize, as robbers do, and not think of sharing the booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-shot from the other windows. If her wit be as poignant as her eyes, I am a double slave. Our northern beauties are meer dough to these; inspid white earth, meer tobacco-pipe-clay; with no more soul and motion in 'em, than a fly in winter.

Here the warm planet ripens, and sublimes
The well bak'd beauties of the southern climes;

Our

40 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

Our Cupid's but a bungler in his trade ;
His keenest arrows are in *Afric* made.

[*Exit. ANTONIO.*

+++++

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A terrace-walk ; or some other public place near the
Castle of ALCAZAR.*

EMPEROR, MULEY-MOLUCH, BENDUCAR.

EMPEROR.

Marry'd ! I'll not believe it ; 't's imposture ;
Improbable they should presume t' attempt,
Impossible they should effect their wish.

BEND. Have patience till I clear it.

EMP. I have none :

Go bid our moving plains of sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy south blows high :
From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my soul,
And, now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,
Requir'st a sudden stop ? unsay, they lye,
That may in time do somewhat.

BEND. I have done :

For, since it pleases you it should be forg'd,
'Tis fit it should : far be it from your slave,
To raise disturbance in your sacred breast.

EMP. SEBASTIAN is my slave as well as thou ;
Nor durst offend my love by that presumption.

BEND. Most sure he ought not.

EMP. Then all means are wanting ;
No priest, no ceremonies of their sect,
Or, grant we these defects cou'd be supply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an act so base,
So to resume his gifts, and curse my conquests
By making me unhappy ! No, the slave,
That told thee so absur'd a story, ly'd.

BEND. Yet till this moment I have found him faithful:

He

He said he saw it too.

EMP. Dispatch; what saw he?

BEND. Truth is, considering with what earnestness,
SEBASTIAN pleaded for ALMEDYA's life,
Inhanc'd her beauty, dwelt upon her praise,——

EMP. O stupid and unthinking as I was!

I might have mark'd it too: 'twas gross and palpable!

BEND. Methought I trac'd a lover ill-disguis'd;

And sent my spy, a sharp observing slave,

T' inform me better, if I guess'd aright.

He told me that he saw SEBASTIAN's page

Run cross the marble square; who soon return'd,

And after him there lag'd a passing Fryar;

Close wrap't he bore some sacred instrument

Of Christian superstition in his hand:

My servant follow'd fast; and, through a chink,

Perceiv'd the royal captives hand in hand:

And heard the hooded father mumbling charms,

That make those misbelievers man and wife.

Which done, the spouses kiss'd with such a fervour,

And give such furious earnest of their flames,

That their eyes sparkled, and there mantling blood

Flew flushing o'er their faces.

EMP. Hell, confound 'em!

BEND. The reverend father, with a holy leer,
Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:

This forc'd my servant to a quick retreat,

For fear to be discover'd; guess the rest.

EMP. I do. My fancy is too exquisite,

And tortures me with their imagin'd bliss.

Some earthquake shou'd have ris'n, and rent the ground,

Have swallow'd him, and left the longing bride,

In agony of unaccomplish'd love. (*Walks disorderly.*)

Enter the MUFTI.

BEND. In an unlucky hour [*Aside.*

That fools intrudes, raw in this great affair,

And uninstructed how to stem the tide.

Coming up to the MUFTI, aside.

The Emp'ror must not marry, nor enjoy;

Keep to that point; stand firm, for all's at stake.

EMPEROR

42 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

EMPEROR *seeing him*. You druggerman of Heav'n,
Must I attend

Your droning prayers? Why came you not before?
Do'st thou not know the captive king has dar'd
To wed ALMEYDA? Cancel me that marriage,
And make her mine; about the business, quick!
Expound thy *Mahomet*; make him speak my sense,
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no MUFTI,
Unless thou know'st the trick of thy vocation,
To wrest and rend the law to please thy prince.

MUF. Why verily the law is monstrous plain:
There's not one doubtful text in ail the Alcoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your project.

EMP. Forge one, and foist it into some by-place,
Of some old rotten roll; do't, I command thee;
Must I teach thee thy trade?

MUF. It cannot be;
For matrimony being the dearest point
Of Law, the people have it all by heart:
Besides, th' offence is so exorbitant, [In a higher tone.
To mingle with a misbelieving race,
That speedy vengeance wou'd pursue your crime.

*Emperor, taking him by the throat with one hand, snatch-
es out his sword with the other, and points it to his
breast.*

EMP. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this pomp and pow'r,
To preach against my will? know I am law;
And thou not *Mahomet's* messenger, but mine:
Make it, I charge thee, make my pleasure lawful:
Or first I strip thee of thy ghostly greatness,
Then send thee post to tell thy tale above;
And bring thy vain memorials to thy Prophet
Of justice done below for disobedience.

MUF. For heav'n's sake hold, the respite of a mo-
ment,——

To think for you.

EMP. And for thyself.——

MUF. For both,

BEND. Disgrace, and death, and avarice have lost
him!

[*Aside.*

MUF.

MUF. 'Tis true, our law forbids to wed a Christian ;
But it forbids you not to ravish her.

You have a conqueror's right upon your slave ;
And then, the more despight you do a Christian,
You serve the Prophet more who loaths that sect.

EMP. Oh now it mends ; and you talk reason,

MUFTI.

But stay ! I promis'd freedom to SEBASTIAN :

Now shou'd I grant it, his revengeful soul

Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated bed.

MUF. Kill him, for then you give him liberty :

His soul is from his earthly prison freed.

EMP. How happy is the Prince who has a church-
man

So learn'd and pliant to expound his laws.

BEND. Two things I humbly offer to your prudence.

EMP. Be brief ; but let not either thwart my love.

BEND. First, since our holy man has made rape
lawful,

Fright her with that : proceed not yet to force :

Why shou'd you pluck the green distasteful fruit

From the unwilling bough,

When it may ripen of itself and fall ?

EMP. Grant her a day ; tho' that's too much to give
Out of a life which I devote to love.

BEND. Then next, to bar

All future hopes of her desir'd SEBASTIAN,

Let DORAX be enjoïn'd to bring his head.

EMPEROR to the MUFTI.

Go, MUFTI, call him to receive his orders.

[Exit MUFTI.]

I take thy counsel, her desires new rous'd,

And yet unslak'd, will kindle in her fancy,

And make her eager to renew the feast.

BEND. [Aside.] DORAX, I know before, will disobey :
There's a foe's head well cropt.—

But this hot love precipitates my plot ;

And brings it to projection ere 'tis time.

Enter

44 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

*Enter SEBASTIAN and ALMEYDA hand in hand;
upon sight of the EMPEROR, they separate and seem
disturb'd.*

ALM. He breaks, at unawares, upon our walks,
And like a mid-night wolf invades the fold:
Make speedy preparation of your soul,
And bid it arm apace. He comes for answer,
And brutal mischief sits upon his brow.

EMPEROR coming up to them.

EMP. Have you perform'd
Your embassy, and treated with success?

SEBAST. I had not time.

EMP. No, not for my affairs,
But for your own too much.

SEBAST. You talk in clouds, explain your meaning,
Sir,

EMP. Explain yours first: What meant you hand in
hand,
And when you saw me, with a guilty start,
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my presence?

SEBAST. Affrighted?

EMP. Yes, astonish'd, and confounded.

SEB. What mak'st thou of thyself, and what of me?
Art thou some ghost, some demon, or some God?
That I shou'd stand astonish'd at thy sight?
If thou cou'dst deem so meanly of my courage,
Why didst thou not engage me man for man,
And try the virtue of that *Gorgon* face,
To stare me into statue?

EMP. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wer't amaz'd at first, as if surpris'd
At unexpected baseness brought to light.

SEB. Base and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor, till this turn of fate, durst thou have call'd me;
Say, in what cranny of SEBASTIAN's soul,
Unknown to me, so loath'd a crime is lodg'd?

EMP. Thou hast not broke my trust repos'd in thee?

SEB. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: take back that false-
hood.

EMP. Thou art not marry'd to ALMEYDA?

SEB. Yes,

EMP.

EMP. And own'st the usurpation of my love?

SEB. I own it in the face of Heav'n and thee;
No usurpation, but a lawful claim,
Of which I stand possess'd.

EMP. Sh' has chosen well,
Betwixt a captive and a conqueror.

ALM. Betwixt a monster and the best of men.
He was the envy of his neighb'ring kings;
To share his noble chains is more to me,
Than all the savage greatness of thy throne.

SEB. Were I to chuse again, and knew my fate,
For such a night I would be what I am.
The joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
Out of the reach, behind eternity,
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;
But bless'd remembrance brings 'em hourly back!

EMP. Hourly indeed; who hast but hours to live:
O mighty purchase of a boasted bliss!
To dream of what thou had'st one fugitive night,
And never shall have more!

ALM. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has
join'd?

EMP. Not break the chain, but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to last.

Think'st thou I come to argue right and wrong?
Why lingers DORAX thus? Where are my guards,

[BENDUCAR goes out for the Guards, and returns.
To drag that slave to death?

[Pointing to SEBASTIAN.
Now storm and rage,

Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defy him.
For wanting power to save thee.

SEB. That were to gratify thy pride: I'll shew thee
How a man shou'd, and how a king dare die:

ALMEYDA, to the EMPEROR.

Expect revenge from Heav'n, inhuman wretch!
Nor hope t' ascend SEBASTIAN's holy bed!

Enter two of the Guards.

EMP. Go, bear the captive to a speedy death,
And set my soul at ease.

ALM. I charge you, hold, ye ministers of death.

Speak,

46 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

Speak, my SEBASTIAN;
Plead for thy life: Oh ask it, of the Tyrant;
'Tis no dishonour, trust me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty heart disdains it, e'en for thee.
Still silent! Will the King of PORTUGAL
Go to his death, like a dumb sacrifice?
Beg him to save my life in saving thine.

SEB. Farewel, my life's not worth another word.

EMP. [*To the Guards.*] Perform your orders.

ALM. Stay, take my farewell too:

Farewel the greatness of ALMEYDA's soul!
Look, Tyrant, what excess of love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy feet;

[*Kneels to him.*]

Nay, to embrace thy knees with loathing hands,
Which blister when they touch thee: yet e'en thus,
Thus far I can to save SEBASTIAN's life.

EMP. A sacred pleasure trickles thro' my veins;
It works about the inlets of my soul,
To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the pass;
But the tough metal of my heart resists;
'Tis warm'd with the soft fire, not melted down.

ALM. A flood of scalding tears will make it run;
Spare him, oh spare; can you pretend to love,
And have no pity? Love and that are twins.

Here will I grow;
Thus compels you with these supplanting cords,
And pull so long till the proud fabric falls.

EMP. Still kneel, and still embrace; 'tis double
pleasure

So to be hugg'd, and see SEBASTIAN die.

ALM. Look, Tyrant, when thou nam'st SEBASTIAN's
death,

Thy very executioners turn pale.
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the trade
Of death, they start at an anointed head,
And tremble to approach:—He hears me not,
Nor minds th' impression of a God on kings;
Because no stamp of Heav'n was on his soul;
But the resisting mass drove back the seal.
Say, tho' thy heart be rock of adamant,
Yet rocks are not impregnable to bribes:

Instruct

Instruct me how to bribe thee: name thy price;
Lo, I resign my title to the crown;
Send me to exile with the man I love,
And banishment is empire.

EMP. Here's my claim;

[Clapping his hand to his Sword.

And this extinguish'd thine; thou giv'st me nothing.

ALM. My father's, mother's, brother's death I pardon:

That's somewhat, sure; a mighty sum of murder,
Of innocent and kindred blood struck off.

My prayers and penance shall discount for these,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the bill on me:

Behold what price I offer, and how dear,
To buy SEBASTIAN's life.

EMP. Let after reck'nings trouble fearful fools;

I'll stand the trial of those trivial crimes:

But, since thou begg'st me to prescribe my terms,

The only I can offer are thy love;

And this one day of respite to resolve.

Grant or deny; for thy next word is fate;

And fate is deaf to pray'r.

ALM. May Heav'n be so.

[Rising up.

At thy last breath to thine: I curse thee not,

For who can better curse the plague or devil,

Than to be what they are? that curse be thine.

Now, do not speak, SEBASTIAN, for you need not,

But die, for I resign your life: look, Heav'n,

ALMEYDA dooms her dear SEBASTIAN's death!

Enter DORAX attended by three Soldiers.

EMP. Thou mov'st a tortoise pace to my relief.

Take hence that, once a king; that sullen pride

That swells to dumbness; lay him in the dungeon,

And sink him deep with irons, that, when he wou'd,

He shall not groan to hearing; when I send,

The next commands are death.

ALM. Then prayers are vain as curses.

EMP. Much at one

In a slave's mouth, against a monarch's pow'r.

This day thou hast to think;

At night, if thou wilt curse, thou shalt curse kindly:

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Make haste; seize, force her, bear her hence.

ALM. Farewel, my lost SEBASTIAN!
I do not beg, I challenge justice now;
O Pow'rs, if kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this wretch with your prerogative?
Now slay him dead, now crumble him to ashes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own palace,
And look not idly out upon a world
That is no longer yours:

*She is carried off struggling; the EMPEROR and BEN-
DUCAR follow;*

SEBASTIAN struggles in his Guards arms, and shakes off
on of them, but two others come in, and hold him;
he speaks not all the while.

DOR. I find I'm but a half strain'd villain yet;
[Aside.

But mung'r'l mischievous! for my blood-boil'd,
To view this brutal act; and my stern soul
Tugg'd at my arm to draw in her defence.
Down, thou rebelling Christian, in my heart;
Redeem thy fame on this SEBASTIAN first;
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.

[Walks a turn.
But how to right 'em? on a slave disarm'd,
Defenceless, and submitted to my rage?
A base revenge is vengeance on myself?

[Walks again.
I have it; and I thank thee honest head,
Thus present to me at my great necessity:

[Comes up to SEBASTIAN.
You know me not?

SEB. I hear men call thee DORAX.

DOR. 'Tis well, you know enough for once: you
speak too;

You were struck mute before.

SEB. Silence became me then.

DOR. Yet we may talk hereafter.

SEB. Hereafter is not mine: ———

Dispatch thy work, good executioner.

DOR.

DOR. None of my blood were hangmen ; add that
fallhood

To a long bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

SEB. A king and thou can never have a reck'ning.

DOR. A greater sum perhaps than you can pay.

Mean time I shall make bold t' increase your debt ;

[gives him his sword.

Take this, and use it at your greatest need.

SEB. This hand and this have been acquainted well ;

[Looks on it.]

It shou'd have come before into my grasp,

To kill the ravisher.

[life.

DOR. Thou heard'st the Tyrant's orders ; guard thy
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a man.

SEB. I'm still without thy meaning, but I thank thee.

DOR. Thank me when I ask thanks ; thank me with

SEB. Such surly kindness did I never see ! [that.

DORAX, to the Captain of his Guards.

MUZA, draw out a file, pick man by man,

Such who dare die, and dear will sell their death.

Guard him to th' utmost ; now conduct him hence,

And treat him as my person.

SEB. Something like

That voice, methinks I shou'd have somewhere heard :

But floods of woes have hurry'd it far off,

Beyond my ken of soul.

[Exit SEBASTIAN with the soldiers.

DOR. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful man ;

[solus.

I shall, and set him full before thy sight,

When I shall front thee, like some staring ghost,

With all my wrongs about me.—What so soon

Return'd ? This haste is boding.

Enter to him EMPEROR, BENDUCAR, MUFTI.

EMP. She's still inexorable, still imperious :

And loud, as if like *Bacchus* born in thunder.

Be quick, ye false physicians of my mind,

Bring speedy death or cure.

[lives :

BEND. What can be counsell'd, while SEBASTIAN

The vine will cling, while the tall poplar stands ;

E 3

But

But, that cut down, creeps to the next support,
And twines as closely there. [ceed.

EMP. That's done with ease, I speak him dead; pro-

MUF. Proclaim your marriage with ALMEYDA next,
That civil wars may cease; this gains the crowd;
Then you may safely force her to your will:
For people side with violence and injustice,
When done for public good.

EMP. Preach thou that doctrine.

BEND. Th' unreasonable fool has broach'd a truth

[Aside.

That blasts my hopes; but since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge ALMEYDA is a Christian:
If that produce no tumult, I despair.

EMP. Why speaks not DORAX?

DOR. Because my soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far
To trust the preaching pow'r on state affairs,
To him or any heavenly demagogue.
'Tis a limb lopt from your prerogative,
And so much of Heav'n's image blotted from you.

MUF. Sure, thou hast never heard of holy men,
(So Christians call 'em) fam'd in state affairs!
Such as in *Spain* *Ximenes*, *Albornoz*;
In *England* *Wolsey*; match me these with laymen.

DOR. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be statesmen, happ'ning to be churchmen!
Thou call'st 'em holy; so their function was;
But tell me, MUFTI, which of them were saints;
Next, Sir, to you, the sum of all is this;
Since he claims pow'r from Heav'n, and not from kings,
When 'tis his int'rest he can int'rest Heav'n
To preach you down; and ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the chair.

EMP. I'll trust his preaching, while I rule his pay:
And I dare trust my *Africans* to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

DOR. You know 'em not,
The genius of your Moors is mutiny;
They scarcely want a guide to move their madness:
Prompt to rebel on every weak pretence,
Blast'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd

Wife

Wife to themselves, and fools to all the world.
 Restless in change, and perjur'd to a proverb.
 They love religion sweeten'd to the sense;
 A good luxurious, palatable faith.
 Thus vice and godliness, prepost'rous pair!
 Ride cheek by jowl; but churchmen hold the reins:
 And, whene'er kings wou'd lower clergy greatness,
 They learn too late what pow'r the preachers have,
 And whose the subjects are; the MURRI knows it;
 Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.

EMP. No more; whate'er he said was by command.

DOR. Why then no more, since you will hear no more;
 Some kings are resolute to their own ruin.

EMP. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,
 Obey your orders, and dispatch SEBASTIAN.

DOR. Trust my revenge; be sure I wish him dead.

EMP. What mean'st thou! what's thy wishing to my
 will?

Dispatch him, rid me of the man I loath.

DOR. I hear you, Sir, I'll take my time and do't-----

EMP. Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy
 whole life

To my one hour of ease; no more replies,
 But see thou dost it; or-----

DOR. Choak in that threat: I can say OR as loud.

EMP. 'Tis well, I see my words have no effect,
 But I may send a message to dispose you.

[Is going off.]

DOR. Expect an answer worthy of that message.

MUF. The Prophet ow'd him this? *[Aside.]*
 And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.

BEND. By holy *Alba*, I conjure you stay,
 And judge not rashly of so brave man.

[Draws the EMPEROR aside and whispers him.]
 I'll give you reasons why he cannot execute
 Your orders now, and why he will hereafter.

MUF. BENDUCAR is a fool to bring him off, *Aside.*
 I'll work my own revenge, and speedily.

BEND. The Fort is his, the soldiers hearts are his;
 A thousand Christian slaves are in the castle,
 Which he can free to reinforce his pow'r;

Your

Your troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Christians hands;

EMP. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.

BEND. He shall, by poison:
'Tis here, the deadly drug prepar'd in powder,
Hot as hell-fire——then, to prevent his soldiers
From rising to revenge their general's death,
While he is struggling with his mortal pangs,
The rabble on the sudden may be rais'd
To seize the castle.

EMP. Do't, 'tis left to thee.

BEND. Yet more; but clear your brow; for he observes.
[*They whisper again.*]

DOR. What, will the fav'rite prop my falling fortunes?
O prodigy of court!

EMPEROR and BENDUCAR return to DORAX.

EMP. Your friend has fully clear'd your innocence:
I was too hasty to condemn unheard,
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the majesty of kings,
I ask excuse.

DOR. I'm sure I meant it well.

EMP. I know you did:—this to our love renew'd—

[*EMPEROR drinks.*]

BENDUCAR, fill to DORAX.

[*BENDUCAR turns and mixes a powder in it.*]

DOR. Let it go round; for all of us have need
To quench our heats: 'tis the king's health, BENDUCAR,

[*He drinks.*]
And I wou'd pledge it though I knew 'twere poison.

BEND. Another bowl, for what the King has touch'd,
[*Drinks out of another bowl.*]

And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your loves.—

MUF. Since charity becomes my calling, thus
Let me provoke your friendship: and Heav'n bless it,
As I intend it, well—

[*Drinks; and turning aside pours some drops out of a
little phial into the bowl; then presents it to DORAX.*]

DOR. Heav'n make thee honest;
On that condition we shall soon be friends—

[*Drinks.*]
MUF.

MUF. Yes, at our meeting in another world; [*Aside*,
For thou hast drunk thy passport out of this.
Not the *Nonacrean* fount, nor *Lethe's* lake,
Cou'd sooner numb thy nimble faculties,
Than this to sleep eternal,

EMP. Now farewell, DORAX; this was our first quarrel,
And I dare prophesy will prove our last.

Exit EMPEROR with BENDUCAR and the MUFTI.

DOR. It may be so: I'm strangely discompos'd;
Quick shooting through my limbs, and pricking pains,
Qualms at my heart, convulsions in my nerves,
Shiv'ring of cold, and burnings of my entrails
Within my little world make medley war;
Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,
As momentary victors quit their ground.
Can it be poison! poison's of one tenour,
Or hot or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly draught, some enemy of life
Boils in my bowels, and works out my soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry clime;
Afric, the scene remov'd, is *Portugal*.
Of all court service learn the common lot;
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all! my honest corpse must lie
Expos'd to scorn, and public infamy:
My shameful death will be divulg'd alone;
The worth and honour of my soul unknown. [*Exit*.

SCENE II.

*A night scene in the MUFTI's Garden, where an
arbour is discover'd.*

Enter ANTONIO.

ANT. She names herself MORAYMA; the MUFTI's
only daughter, and a virgin! This is the time and place
that she appointed in her letter, yet she comes not.
Why, thou sweet delicious creature, why, to torture me
with thy delay! dar'st thou be false to thy assignation?
What, in the cool and silence of the night, and to a new
lover? Pox on the hypocrite thy father, for instructing
thee

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thee so little in the sweetest point of his religion. Hark, I hear the rustling of her silk mantle. Now she comes; now she comes; no, hang't, that was but the whistling of the wind through the *Orange* trees. Now again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty foot through the dark alley: No, 'tis the son of a mare that's broken leese and munching upon the melons:—Oh the misery of an expecting lover! Well, I'll e'en despair; go into my arbour, and try to sleep; in a dream I shall enjoy her in despite of her. [*Goes into the arbour and lies down.*]

Enter JOHAYMA wrapt up in a Moorish mantle.

JOH. Thus far my love has carried me, almost without my knowledge whither I was going: shall I go on, shall I discover myself?—What an injury am I doing to my old husband?—Yet what injury?—

[She comes a little nearer the arbour.]

ANTONIO *raising himself a little and looking.*

At last 'tis she: this is no illusion I am sure; 'tis a true she-devil of flesh and blood; and she cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me.

JOH. He's young and handsome.

ANT. Yes, well enough, I thank nature. [*Aside.*]

JOH. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: sure he will not refuse me.

ANT. No, thou may'st pawn thy maiden-head upon't he wo' not.

He rushes out and embraces her.

I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear MORAYMA: the old unconscionable whore-son thy father cou'd he expect cold chastity from a child of his begetting?

JOH. What nonsense do you talk! do you take me for the MUFTI's daughter?

ANT. Why, are you not, Madam?

[Throwing off her Barnus.]

JOH. I find you had an appointment with MORAYMA.

ANT. By all that's good the nauseous wife! [*Aside.*]

JOH. What are you confounded and stand mute?

ANT. Somewhat nonpluss'd I confess, to hear you deny your name so positively: why, are you not MORAYMA the MUFTI's daughter? did I not see you with him? did not he present me to you? were you not so charitable as

to give me money? if I may be so bold to remember you of past favours.

JOH. And you see I am come to make 'em good; but I am neither MORAYMA, nor the MURRI's daughter.

ANT. Nay, I know not that: but I am sure he is old enough to be your father; and either father, or reverend father, I heard you call him.

JOH. Once again, how came you to name MORAYMA?

ANT. Another damn'd mistake of mine: for, asking one of my fellow slaves, who were the chief ladies about the house; he answered me MORAYMA and JOHAYMA; but she it seems is his daughter, with a pox to her, and you are his beloved wife.

JOH. Say your beloved mistress, if you please; for that's the title I desire. This moon-shine grows offensive to my eyes; come, shall we walk into the arbour? there we may rectify all mistakes.

ANT. That's close and dark.

JOH. And are those faults to lovers?

ANT. But there I cannot please myself with the sight of your beauty, nor is there a breath of air stirring.

JOH. The breath of lovers is the sweetest air; but you are fearful.

ANT. I am considering, indeed, that if I am taken with you — a — pray where lodges your husband?

JOH. Just against the face of this open walk.

ANT. Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

JOH. You make so many difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

ANT. *Aside.* If MORAYMA comes, and takes me in the arbour with her, I have made a fine exchange of that diamond for this pebble.

JOH. You are much fall'n off, let me tell you from the fury of your first embrace.

ANT. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first; but you will forgive the transport of my passion; now I have consider'd it better, I have a qualm of conscience.

JOH. Of conscience! why, what has conscience to do with two young lovers that have opportunity?

ANT. Why, truly, conscience is something to blame for interposing in our matters: but how can I help it, if I have a scruple to betray my master?

JOH.

JOH. There must be something more in it ; for your conscience was very quiet, when you took me for MORA YMA.

ANT. I grant you, madam, when I took you for his daughter : for then I might have made you an honourable amends by marriage. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a holy man, the head of your religion : go back to your chamber, and consider of it ; who knows, but, at our next meeting, the sweet devil may have more power over me ? I am true flesh and blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

JOH. Flesh without blood I think thou art ; or if any, it is as cold as that of fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy cost, what vengeance is in store for refusing a lady, who has offer'd thee her love : — Help, help, there ; will no body come to my assistance ?

ANT. What do you mean, madam ; for Heav'n's sake, peace ! your husband will hear you ; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

JOH. Ungrateful wretch, thou deserv'st no pity : Help, help, husband, or I shall be ravish'd : the villain will be too strong for me ! Help, help, for pity of a poor distressed creature !

ANT. Then I have nothing but impudence to assist me ; I must drown her clamour whate'er comes on't.

He takes out his flute, and plays as loud as he possibly can, and she continues crying out.

Enter the MUFTI in his night-gown, and two servants.

MUF. O thou villain, what horrible impiety art thou committing ? what ! ravishing the wife of my bosom ? take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the world of such a monster.

[Servants seize him.]

ANT. Mercy, dear master, mercy. Hear me first, and after, if I have deserv'd hanging, spare me not : what have you seen to provoke you to this cruelty ?

MUF. I have heard the out-cries of my wife ; the bleatings of the poor innocent lamb : seen nothing, say'st thou !

ANT. Pray think in reason, Sir, is a man to be put to death for a similitude ? no violence has been committed ;

none

none intended : the lamb's alive ; and, if I durst tell you so, no more a lamb than I am a butcher.

JOH. How's that, villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

ANT. Be patient, madam, and speak but truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you : I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

JOH. [*Aside.*] I understand him ; but I fear, 'tis now too late to save him : — Pray hear me speak, husband ; perhaps he may say something for himself ; I know not.

MUF. Speak thou, has he not violated my bed and thy honour ?

JOH. I forgive him freely : for he has done nothing : what he will do hereafter, to make me satisfaction, himself best knows.

ANT. Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam : I shall refuse no drudgery.

MUF. But did he mean no mischief ? was he endeavouring nothing ?

JOH. In my conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

MUF. 'Tis impossible : then what meant all these outcries ?

JOH. I heard music in the garden, and at an unreasonable time of night ; and I stole softly out of my bed, as imagining it might be he.

MUF. How's that JOHAYMA ? imagining it was he, and yet you went ?

JOH. Why not, my Lord ? am not I the mistress of the family ? and is it not my place to see good order kept in it ? I thought he might have allured some of the free-slaves to him ; and was resolved to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them ; when on the sudden he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his arms with such a fury. —

MUF. I have heard enough, away with him —

JOH. Mistaking me, no doubt, for one of his fellow-slaves : with that, affrighted as I was, I discovered myself, and cried aloud : but as soon as ever he knew me, the villain let me go ; and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some serpent, and was more afraid of me than I of him.

MUF. O thou corrupter of my family, that's cause enough of death ; once again, away with him.

F

JOH.

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JOH. What, for an intended trespass? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred crowns, I take it.—

MUF. Thou say'st true, a very considerable sum: he shall not die, though he had committed folly with a slave; 'tis too much to lose by him.

ANT. My only fault for ever has been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

MUF. To your kennel, sirrah; mortify your flesh, and consider in whose family you are.

JOH. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

MUF. [*Aside.*] For all her smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my jealousy; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit MUFTI with JOHAYMA and servants.*]

ANT. I am mortify'd sufficiently already, without the help of his ghostly counsel. Fear of death has gone farther with me in two minutes, than my conscience wou'd have gone in two months: and if MORAYMA shou'd now appear, I say no more, but alas for her and me;

[*MORAYMA comes out of the arbour, she steals behind him, and claps him on the back.*]

MOR. And if MORAYMA shou'd appear, as she does appear, alas you say for her and you!

ANT. Art thou there, my sweet temptation! my eyes, my life, my soul, my all!

MOR. A mighty compliment, when all these, by your own confession, are just nothing.

ANT. Nothing, till thou cam'st; thou dost not know the power of thy own charms: let me embrace thee.

MOR. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into articles with my enemy JOHAYMA: any thing to serve you, madam; I shall refuse no drudgery: whose words were those, gentleman? was that like a cavalier of honour?

ANT. Not very heroic; but self-preservation is a point above honour and religion too.—ANTONIO was a rogue I must confess; but you must give me leave to love him.

MOR.

MOR. To beg your life so basely ; and to present your sword to your enemy ; Oh recreant !

ANT. If I had died honourably, my fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud, but I shou'd never have heard the blast : Come, don't make yourself worse natur'd than you are : to save my life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any thing. Can you suspect I wou'd leave you for JOHAYMA ?

MOR. No ; but I can expect you wou'd have both of us ; love is covetous, heart for heart is an equal truck. In short I am younger ; I think, handsomer ; and am sure I love you better ; she has been my step-mother for fifteen years : you think that's her face you see, but 'tis only a daub'd vizard : she wears an armour of proof upon't, an inch thick of paint, besides the wash : her face is so fortify'd that you can make no approaches to it without a shovel.

ANT. By this hand——(*taking it.*)

MOR. Which you shall never touch ; but upon better assurances than you imagine. (*Pulling her hand away.*)

ANT. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty infidel !

MOR. I mean you shall : but no earnest, till the bargain be made before witness : there's love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to, never doubt it ; but all upon honourable terms.

ANT. I vow and swear by love ; and he's a deity in all religions ; that I'll adore thee to revenge myself upon thy father, for being the head of a false religion.

MOR. And so you shall ; I offer you his daughter for your second : but since you are so pressing, meet me under my window, to morrow-night, body for body, about this hour ; I'll slip down out of my lodging, and bring my father in my hand.

ANT. How, thy father !

MOR. I mean all that's good of him ; his pearls, and his jewels, his whole contents, his heart, and soul ; as much as ever I can carry. I'll leave him his ALCORAN ; that's revenue enough for him : every page of it is gold and diamonds. He has the turn of an eye, a demure smile, and a godly cant, that are worth millions to him. I forgot to tell you that I will have a slave prepared at the

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postern-gate, with two horses ready saddled : no more, for I fear I may be mis'd ; and think I hear 'em calling for me——if you have constancy and courage.——

ANT. Never doubt it : and love in abundance, to wander with thee all the world over.

MOR. The value of twelve hundred thousand crowns in a casket !

ANT. A heavy burden, Heav'n knows ! but we must pray for patience to support it.

MOR. Besides a willing tit that will venture her corpse with you :——Come I know you long to have a parting blow with me ; and therefore to shew you I am in charity—— [He kisses her.

ANT. Once more, for pity ; that I may keep the flavour upon my lips till we meet again.

MOR. No ; frequent charities make bold beggars : and besides I have learnt of a falconer, never to feed up a hawk when I wou'd have him fly : that's enough——but if you will be nibbling, here's a hand to stay your stomach. [Kissing her hand.

ANT. Thus conquer'd infidels, that wars may cease, Are forc'd to give their hands, and sign the peace.

MOR. Thus Christians are outwitted by the foe ;
You had her in your pow'r, and let her go.
If you release my hand, the fault's not mine ;
You shou'd have made me seal, as well as sign.

She runs off, he follows her to the door ; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

BENDUCAR's Palace in the Castle of ALCAZAR.

BENDUCAR *solus*.

MY future fate, the colour of my life,
My all depends on this important hour :
ALMEYDA and the crown have push'd me forward ;

'Tis

'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant must not ravish her :
 He and SEBASTIAN stand betwixt my hopes ;
 He most ; and therefore first to be dispatch'd.
 These and a thousand things are to be done
 In the short compass of this rolling night,
 And nothing yet perform'd,
 None of my emissaries yet return'd.

Enter HALY, — First Servant.

Oh HALY ! thou hast held me long in pain.
 What hast thou learnt of DORAX, is he dead ?

HAL. Two hours I warily have watch'd his palace ;
 All doors are shut, no servant peeps abroad ;
 Some officers with striding haste pass'd in,
 While others outward went on quick dispatch ;
 Sometimes hush'd silence seem'd to reign within ;
 Then cries confus'd, and a joint clamour follow'd :
 Then lights went gliding by, from room to room,
 And shot like thwarting meteors cross the house :
 Not daring farther to enquire, I came
 With speed, to bring you this imperfect news.

BEND. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying :
 His mournful friends, summon'd to take their leaves,
 Are throng'd about his couch, and sit in council ;
 What those caballing captains may design,
 I must prevent,
 By being first in action.

To MULEY-ZEYDAN fly with speed, desire him
 To take my last instructions ; tell th' importance,
 And haste his presence here. *[Exit HALY.]*

How has this poison lost its wonted way ?
 It shou'd have burnt its passage, not have linger'd
 In the blind labyrinths and crooked turnings
 Of human composition ; now it moves
 Like a slow fire that works against the wind,
 As if his stronger stars had interpos'd.

Enter HAMET.

Well, HAMET, are our friends the rabble rais'd ?
 From MUSTAPHA, what message ?

HAM. What you wish :
 The streets are thicker in this noon of night,

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Than at the mid-day sun : a drowzy horror
Sits on their eyes like fear not well awake :
All croud in heaps, as at a night alarm,
The bees drive out upon each other's backs
T' imbosc their hives in clusters ; all ask news :
Their busy captain runs the weary round
To whisper orders ; and commanding silence
Makes not noise cease, but deafens it to murmurs.

BEND. Night wastes apace ; when, when will he

HAM. He only waits your summons. [appear ?

BEND. Haste their coming.

Let secrecy and silence be enjoin'd

In their close march : what news from the lieutenant ?

HAM. I left him at the gate, firm to your int'rest,
T' admit the townsmen at their first appearance.

BEND. Thus far 'tis well : go, hasten MUSTAPHA.

Exit HAMET.

Enter ORCHAN, the Third Servant.

O, ORCHAN, did I think thy diligence
Wou'd lag behind the rest ? what from the MUFTI ?

ORCH. I sought him round his palace ; made enquiry
Of all the slaves : in short, I us'd your name
And urg'd th'importance home ; but had for answer
That since the shut of evening none had seen him.

BEND. O the curst fate of all conspiracies !
They move on many springs ; if one but fail
The restive Machine stops.—In an ill hour he's absent ;
'Tis the first time, and sure will be the last,
That e'er a churchman was not in the way,
When tumult and rebellion shou'd be broach'd :
Stay by me, thou art resolute and faithful ;
I have employment worthy of thy arm. [Walks.

Enter MULEY-ZEYDAN.

MUL. ZEYD. You see me come impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the courser for the race :
Is all in readiness ?

BEND. All but the MUFTI.

MUL. ZEYD. We must go on without him.

BEND. True we must ;

For 'tis ill stopping in the full career,

How

How e'er the leap be dangerous and wide. [afar;

ORCH. [*looking out.*] I see the blaze of torches from
And hear the trampling of thick-beating feet;
This way they move.

BEND. No doubt the Emperor.

We must not be surpriz'd in conference.

Trust to my management the Tyrant's death;

And haste yourself to join with MUSTAPHA.

The Officer who guards the gate is yours;

When you have gain'd that pass, divide your force:

Yourself in person head one chosen half,

And march t' oppress the faction in consult

With dying DORAX: Fate has driv'n 'em all

Into the net: you must be bold and sudden:

Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet

With pangs of death, trust not his rolling eyes

And heaving gasps; for poison may be false,

The home thrust of a friendly sword is sure.

MUL.-ZEYD. Doubt not my conduct: they shall be
surpriz'd;

Mercy may wait without the gate one night,

At morn I'll take her in——

BEND. Here lies your way,

You meet your brother there.

MUL.-ZEYD. May we ne'er meet:

For, like the twins of *Leda*, when I mount

He gallops down the skies.——

[*Exit* MULEY-ZEYDAN.

BEND. He comes: now, heart,

Be ribb'd with iron for this one attempt:

Set ope thy sluices, send the vigorous blood

Through every active limb for my relief:

Then, take thy rest within thy quiet cell,

For thou shalt drum no more.

Enter MULEY-MOLUCH, and Guards attending him.

MUL.-MOL. What news of our affairs, and what of
DORAX?

Is he no more? say that, and make me happy.

BEND. May all your enemies be like that dog,

Whose parting soul is lab'ring at the lips.

MUL.-MOL. The people, are they rais'd?

BEND.

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BEND. And marshall'd too :
Just ready for the march.

MUL.-MOL. Then I'm at ease.

BEND. The night is yours, the glitt'ring host of Heav'n
Shines but for you ; but most the star of love,
That twinkles you to fair ALMEYDA's bed.
Oh there's a joy to melt in her embrace,
Dissolve in pleasures ;
But haste, and make 'em yours.

MUL.-MOL. I will ; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart ;
My senses too are dull and stupify'd,
Their edge rebated ; sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

BEND. Mere fancies all—no danger can be near,
But of a surfeit at too full a feast.

MUL.-MOL. It may be so : it looks so like the dream
That overtook me at my waking hour
This morn ; and dreams they say are then divine,
When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'er-pouring God continues sleep.
'Twas then methought ALMEYDA, smiling, came
Attended with a train of all her race.
Whom in the rage of empire I had murder'd.
But now, no longer foes, they gave me joy
Of my new conquest, and with helping hands
Heav'd me into our holy Prophet's arms,
Who bore me in a purple cloud to Heav'n.

BEND. Good omen, Sir, I wish you in that Heav'n
Your dream portends you.
Which presages death——

[*Aside.*]

MUL.-MOL. Thou too wert there ;
And thou methought didst push me from below,
With thy full force to Paradise.

BEND. Yet better.

MUL.-MOL. Ha ! what's that grizly fellow that at-
tends thee ?

BEND. Why ask you, Sir !

MUL.-MOL. For he was in my dream ;
And help'd to heave me up.

BEND.

BEND. With pray'rs and wishes ;
For I dare swear him honest,

MUL.-MOL. That may be ;
But yet he looks damnation.

BEND. You forget,
The face would please you better : do you love,
And can you thus forbear ?

MUL.-MOL. I'll head my people ;
Then think of dalliance, when the danger's o'er.
My warlike spirits now work another way ;
And my soul's tun'd to trumpets,

BEND. You debase yourself,
To think of mixing with th'ignoble herd.
Let such perform the servile work of war,
Such who have no ALMEYDA to enjoy.
What ! shall the people know their godlike prince
Skulk'd in a nightly skirmish ? stole a conquest,
Headed a rabble, and profan'd his person,
Shoulder'd with filth, born in a tide of ordure,
And stifled with their rank offensive sweat ?

MUL.-MOL. I am off again : I will not prostitute
The regal dignity so far, to head 'em.

BEND. There spoke a king,
Dismiss your guards to be employ'd elsewhere
In ruder combats, you will want no seconds
In those alarms you seek.

MUL.-MOL. Go join the croud ; *To the Guards.*
BENDU CAR, thou shalt lead 'em in my place.

[Exeunt Guards.]

The God of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.
ALMEYDA now returns with all her charms ;
I feel her as she glides along my veins,
And dances in my blood : so when our Prophet
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious paradise,
A brisk *Arabian* girl came tripping by ;
Passing she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd :
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying fair ;
And having found his Heav'n, he plac'd it there.

[Exit MUL.-MOL.]

BEND.

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BEND. That paradise thou never shalt possess.
His death is easy now, his guards are gone;
And I can sin but once to seize the throne.
All after-acts are sanctify'd by pow'r.

ORCH. Command my sword and life.

BEND. I thank thee, ORCHAN,
And shall reward thy faith: this master-key
Frees every lock, and leads us to his person;
And shou'd we miss our blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures retreat: leave open all behind us;
And first set wide the MUFTI's garden gate,
Which is his private passage to the palace:
For there our mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now sleep, ye stars;
That silently o'er watch the fate of kings;
Be all propitious influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous planets mount the guard.
[Exit with ORCHAN.]

A Night Scene of the MUFTI's Garden.

*Enter the MUFTI alone, in a Slave's Habit like
that of ANTONIO.*

MUF. This 'tis to have a scound head-piece; by this I
have got to be chief of my religion; that is, honestly
speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor be-
lieve myself. For what's MAHOMET to me, but that
I get by him? Now for my policy of this night: I have
mew'd up my suspected spouse in her chamber. No
more embassies to that lusty young stallion of a gard'ner:
Next my habit of a slave; I have made myself as like
him as I can, all but his youth and vigour; which when
I had, I pass'd my time as well as any of my holy pre-
decessors. Now walking under the windows of my sera-
glio, if JOHAYMA look out she will certainly take me
for ANTONIO, and call to me; and by that I shall
know what concupiscence is working in her; she cannot
come down to commit iniquity, there's my safety; but
if she peep, if she put her nose abroad, that's demonstra-
tion of her pious will: And I'll not make the first pre-
cedent for a churchman to forgive injuries.

Enter

Enter MORAYMA, running to him with a casket in her hand, and embracing him.

MOR. Now I can embrace you with a good conscience; here are the pearls and jewels, here's my father.

MUF. I am indeed thy father; but how the devil didst thou know me in this disguise; and what pearls and jewels dost thou mean?

MOR. [*going back.*] —What have I done, and what will become of me!

MUF. Art thou mad, MORAYMA?

MOR. I think you'll make me so.

MUF. Why, what have I done to thee? recollect thy self and speak sense to me.

MOR. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of fathers.

MUF. Did I think I had begotten such a monster? Proceed, my dutiful child, proceed, proceed.

MOR. You have been raking together a mass of wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the spoils of orphans are in these jewels, and the tears of widows in these pearls.

MUF. Thou amazest me!

MOR. I wou'd do so. This casket is loaded with your sins; 'tis the cargo of rapines, simony, and extortions; the iniquity of thirty years Musliship, converted into diamonds.

MUF. Wou'd some rich railing rogue wou'd say so much to me, that I might squeeze his purse for scandal.

MOR. No, sir, you get more by pious fools than railers, when you insinuate into their families, manage their fortunes while they live, and beggar their heirs by getting legacies when they die. And do you think I'll be the receiver of your theft? I discharge my conscience of it: Here take again your filthy mammon, and restore it you had best to the true owners.

MUF. I am finely documented by my own daughter.

MOR. And a great credit for me to be so: do but think how decent a habit you have on, and how becoming your function to be disguis'd like a slave, and eves-dropping under the womens windows: If I had not known you casually by your shambling gait, and a certain reverend awkwardness that is natural to all of your function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own servants;

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servants; who have been in search of you through your whole Seraglio, peeping under every petticoat to find you.

MUF. Prithee child reproach me no more of human failings; they are but a little of the pitch and spots of the world that are still sticking on me; but I hope to scour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'st; I am not the man thou tak'st me for.

MOR. No, to my sorrow, Sir, you are not.

MUF. It was a very odd beginning, tho' methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm embrace; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot hug?

MOR. I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the zeal and affection which I bear to the man of the world whom I may love lawfully.

MUF. But thou wilt not teach me at this age the nature of a close embrace?

MOR. If you mistook my innocent embrace for sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

MUF. Why, this is as it shou'd be now: take the treasure again, it can never be put into better hands.

MOR. Yes, to my knowledge, but it might. I have confess'd my soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobey'd you till this night; and now since, through the violence of my passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your pardon, your blessing, and your leave, that upon the first opportunity I may go for ever from your sight: for Heaven knows, I never desire to see you more.

MUF. [*Wiping his eyes.*] Thou mak'st me weep at thy unkindness; indeed, dear daughter, we will not part.

MOR. Indeed, but we will.

MUF. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; since it was to make thee rich, and I hope a man may make bold with his own soul, without offence to his own child: here, take the jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy obedience.

MOR. Well then, in virtue of obedience I will take 'em; but on my soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

MUF.

MUF. Meaning mine, I know it.

MOR. Meaning his, whom I love better than my life.

MUF. That's me again.

MOR. I wou'd have you think so.

MUF. How thy good nature works upon me ! well I can do no less than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the rabble be order'd to rise to night.

Enter ANTONIO in an African rich habit.

ANT. What do you mean, my dear, to stand talking in this suspicious place, just underneath JOHAYMA's window ? *(to the MUFTI)*. You are well met, comrade, I know you are the friend of our flight. Are the horses ready at the postern gate ?

MUF. ANTONIO, and in disguise ! now I begin to smell a rat.

ANT. And I another, that out-stinks it : false MORAYMA, hast thou thus betray'd me to thy father !

MOR. Alas, I was betray'd myself : he came disguis'd like you, and I poor innocent ran into his hands.

MUF. In good time you did so ; you wou'd fain break loose now, though you left a limb behind you ; but I am yet in my own territories, and in call of company, that's my comfort. *[ANTONIO, taking him by the throat.]*

ANT. No, I have a trick left to put thee past thy squeaking. I have given thee the quinsy ; that ungracious tongue shall preach no more false doctrine.

MOR. What do you mean ? you will not throttle him ? consider, he's my father.

ANT. Prithee let us provide first for our own safety ; if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a vengeance afterwards.

MOR. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little cranny of his wind-pipe and some part of speech.

ANT. Not so much as one single interjection ; come away father-in-law, this is no place for dialogues, when you are in the mosque you talk by hours, and there no man must interrupt you ; this is but like for like, good father-in-law ; now I am in the pulpit, 'tis your turn to hold your tongue.

[He struggles.]
Nay

Nay if you be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the stage ; with a sword at his reins.*]

MOR. T' other way, to the harbour with him; and make haste before we are discovered.

ANT. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil usage; he deserves not so much favour by any action of his life.

MOR. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your mistress.

ANT. I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy mother than of thee; once more come along in silence, my Pythagorean father-in-law.

JOH. [*At the balcony.*] — A bird in a cage may peep at least, though she must not fly; what bustle's there beneath my window? ANTONIO, by all my hopes! I know him by his habit: but what makes that woman with him, and a friend, a sword drawn, and hasting hence? this is no time for silence. Who's within call there? where are the servants? why Omar, Abedin, Hassan, and the rest, make haste and run into the garden; there are thieves and villains; arm all the family, and stop 'em.

[*ANTONIO turning back.*]

ANT. O that screech-owl at the window! we shall be pursu'd immediately; which way shall we take?

[*MORAYMA giving him the casket.*]

MOR. 'Tis impossible to escape them; for the way to our horses lies back again by the house; and then we shall meet 'em full in the teeth; here take these jewels, thou may'st leap these walls, and get away.

ANT. And what will become of thee then, poor kind soul.

MOR. I must take my fortune; when you are got safe into your own country, I hope you will bestow a sigh on the memory of her who lov'd you!

ANT. It makes me mad, to think how many a good night will be lost betwixt us! take back thy jewels; 'tis an empty casket without thee: besides I shou'd never leap well with the weight of all thy father's sins about me; thou and they had been a bargain.

MOR. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

ANT.

ANT. No ; they'll serve to make thy peace with him.

MOR. I hear 'em coming ; shift for yourself at least ; remember I am yours for ever.

[*Servants crying, this way, this way, behind the scenes.*]

ANT. And I but the empty shadow of myself without thee ! farewel, father-in-law, that should have been—
Now which way fortune.——

[*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*]

Servants within. Follow, follow, yonder are the villains.

ANT. O here's a gate open ; but it leads into the castle ; yet I must venture it.

[*Going out.*]

[*A shout behind the scenes, where ANTONIO is going out.*]

ANT. There's the rabble in a mutiny ; what, is the devil up at midnight ! ——— however 'tis good herding in a croud.

[*Runs out.*]

[*MUFTI runs to MORAYMA and lays hold on her, then snatches away the casket.*]

MUF. Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon the bag, and then upon the baggage : for thou art but my flesh and blood, but these are my life and soul.

MOR. Then let me follow my flesh and blood, and keep to yourself your life and soul.

MUF. Both or none ; come away to durance.

MOR. Well, if it must be so, agreed ; for I have another trick to play you ; and thank yourself for what shall follow.

Enter SERVANTS.

JOH. [*From above.*] One of them took through the private way into the castle ; follow him be sure, for these are yours already.

MOR. Help here, quickly, Omar, Abedin ; I have hold on the villain that stole my jewels ; but 'tis a lusty rogue, and he will be too strong for me ; what, help I say, do you not know your master's daughter.

MUF. Now if I cry out they will know my voice ; and then I am disgraced for ever : O thou art a venomous cockatrice !

MOR. Of your own begetting.

[*The servants seize him.*]

First servant. What a glorious deliverance have you had, madam, from this bloody-minded christian !

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MOR. Give me back my jewels, and carry this notorious malefactor to be punish'd by my father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot. *[Takes the jewels, and runs out after ANTONIO at the same passage.]*

First servant. I long to be handselling his hide, before we bring him to my master.

Second servant. Hang him for an old covetous hypocrite: he deserves a worse punishment himself for keeping us so hardly.

First servant. Ay, wou'd he were in this villain's place; thus wou'd I lay on him, and thus,

(Beats him.)

Second servant. And thus wou'd I revenge myself of my last beating. *(He beats him too, and then the rest.)*

MUF. Oh, oh, oh!

First servant. Now supposing you were the MUFTI. Sir, — *(Beats him again.)*

MUF. The devil's in that supposing rascal; I can bear no more; and I am the MUFTI: now suppose yourselves my servants, and hold your hands; an anointed halter take you all.

First servant. My master! you will pardon the excess of our zeal for you, Sir; indeed we all took you for a villain, and so we us'd you.

MUF. Ay, so I feel you did; my back and sides are abundant testimonies of your zeal. Run rogues, and bring me back my jewels, and my fugitive daughter: run, I say.

(They run to the gate, and the first servant runs back again.)

Second servant. Sir, the castle is in a most terrible combustion! you may hear 'em hither.

MUF. 'Tis a laudable commotion: the voice of the mobile is the voice of Heav'n. I must retire a little, to strip me of the slave, and to assume the MUFTI; and then I will return: for the piety of the people must be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my jewels, and my daughter. *[Exit MUFTI and servants.]*

Scene changes to the castle-yard, and discovers ANTONIO, MUSTAPHA, and the rabble shouting; they come forward.

ANT. And so at length, as I inform'd you, I escap'd out of his covetous clutches; and now fly to your illustrious feet for my protection.

MUST.

MUST. Thou shalt have it, and now defy the MURTI.
'Tis the first petition that has been made to me since my exaltation to tumult ; in this second night of the month *Abib*, and in the year of the *Hegyra* ; the lord knows what year ; but 'tis no matter ; for when I am settled, the learned are bound to find it out for me : For I am resolved to date my authority over the rabble, like other monarchs.

ANT. I have always had a longing to be yours again ; though I cou'd not compass it before, and had design'd you a casket of my master's jewels too ; for I knew the custom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a great person, as you are, without a present : But he has defrauded my good intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em ; 'tis a prize worth a million of crowns, and you carry your letters of Mark about with you.

MUST. I shall make bold with his treasure, for the support of my new government.

[The people gather about him.]

What do these vile raggamuffins so near our person ? Your favour is offensive to us ; bear back there, and make room for honest men to approach us ; these fools and knaves are always impudently crouding next to princes, and keeping off the more deserving ; bear back, I say.

[They make a wider circle.]

That's dutifully done ; now shout to shew your loyalty. (*A great shout.*) Hear'st thou that, slave ANTONIO ? These obstreperous villains shout, and know not for what they make a noise. You shall see me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant beasts they are. For whom do you shout now ? who's to live and reign ? tell me that, the wisest of you.

First Rabble. Even who you please, captain.

MUST. La you there ; I told you so.

Second Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to live and reign ; our business is only to rise upon command, and plunder.

Third Rabble. Ay, the riches of both parties ; for they are our enemies.

MUST. This last fellow is a little more sensible than the rest ; he has enter'd somewhat upon the merits of the cause.

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First Rabble. If a poor man may speak his mind, I think, captain, that yourself are the fittest to live and reign, I mean not over, but next and immediately under the people : and thereupon I say, a MUSTAPHA ! a MUSTAPHA !

(*All cry*) a MUSTAPHA ! a MUSTAPHA !

MUST. I must confess the sound is pleasing, and tickles the ears of my ambition ; but alas ! good people, it must not be : I am contented to be a poor simple viceroy ; but Prince MULEY-ZEYDAN is to be the man ; I shall take care to instruct him in the arts of government ; and in his duty to us all : And therefore mark me cry, a MULEY-ZEYDAN ! a MULEY-ZEYDAN !

(*All cry*) A MULEY-ZEYDAN ! a MULEY-ZEYDAN !

MUST. You see, slave ANTONIO, what I might have been.

ANT. I observe your modesty.

MUST. But for a foolish promise I made once to my lord BENDUCAR, to set up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the MUFTI with his servants.

ANT. Here's the old hypocrite again ; now stand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the jewels, the rich and glorious jewels ; they are destin'd to be yours, by virtue of prerogative.

MUST. Let me alone to pick a quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

MUFTI, *making up to the mobile.*

Good people, here you are met together.

First Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling ; but why are we met together, doctor ? for that's it which no body here can tell.

Second Rabble. Why to see one another in the dark ; and to make holy-day at midnight.

MUF. You are met, as becomes good Mussulmen ; to settle the nation ; for I must tell you, that though your tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a tyrant.

ANT. What stuff he talks !

MUST. 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, slave ANTONIO ; he has a rare tongue ; oh, he wou'd move a rock of elephant !

ANT,

ANT. [*Aside.*] What a block have I to work upon,
[*To him.*] But still remember the jewels, fir, the jewels.

MUST. Nay that's true on t'other side: The jewels must be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking: my conscience goes along with him, but the jewels have set my heart against him.

MUF. That your Emperor is a tyrant is most manifest; for you were born to be *Turks*: but he has play'd the *Turk* with you, and is taking your religion away.

Second Rabble. We find that in our decay of trade; I have seen, for these hundred years, that religion and trade always go together.

MUF. He is now upon the point of marrying himself, without our sovereign consent; and what are the effects of marriage?

Third Rabble. A scolding domineering wife, if she prove honest; and, if a whore, a fine gaudy minx, that robs our counters every night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our cuckold-makers.

MUF. No, the natural effects of marriage are children: Now on whom wou'd he beget these children? even upon a Christian! O horrible; how can you believe me, though I am ready to swear it upon the *ALCORAN*! Yes, true believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a race of misbelievers.

MUST. That's fine in earnest; I cannot forbear harkening to his enchanting tongue.

ANT. But yet remember——

MUST. Ay, ay, the jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my conscience makes me listen to him.

MUF. Therefore to conclude all, believers, pluck up your hearts, and pluck down the tyrant: Remember the courage of your ancestors; remember the majesty of the people; remember yourselves, your wives and children; and lastly, above all, remember your religion, and our holy *MAHOMET*; all these require your timeous assistance; shall I say they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest ties of these three P's, Self-Preservation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now answer me with an unanimous chearful cry, and follow me, who am your leader, to a glorious deliverance.

(*All*)

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(*All cry, a MUFTI! a MUFTI! and are following him off the Stage.*)

ANT. Now you see what becomes of our foolish qualms of conscience: The jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

MUST. What, am I forsaken of my subjects? Wou'd the rogue purloin my liege-people from me: I charge you in my own name, come back, ye deserters; and hear me speak.

First Rabble. What, will he come with his balderdash, after the MUFTI's eloquent oration?

Second Rabble. He's our captain lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, captain, for we will hear you.

MUST. Do you remember the glorious rapines and robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of houses, your rummaging of cellars, your demolishing of Christian temples, and bearing off in triumph the superstitious plate and pictures, the ornaments of their wicked altars? when all rich moveables were sentenc'd for idolatrous, and all that was idolatrous, was seiz'd? Answer first for your remembrance, of all these sweetnesses of mutiny; for upon those grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

MUST. Then make much of your retentive faculties, And who led you to those honey-combs? Your MUFTI? No, believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durst not lead you; he was but your counsellor, but I was your captain; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I, that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

ANT. There you were with him for his figures.

MUST. I think I was, slave ANTONIO. Alas! I was ignorant of my own talent.—Say then, believers, will you have a captain for your MUFTI? or a MUFTI for your captain? and further to instruct you how to cry, will you have a MUFTI, or no MUFTI?

Omnes. No MUFTI, no MUFTI.

MUST. That I laid in for 'em, slave ANTONIO.—
Do I then spit upon your faces? Do I discourage rebellion,

on, mutiny, rapine and plundering? You may think I do, believers; but Heaven forbid: no, I encourage you to all these laudable undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the government; but you shall do this upon my authority, and not by his wicked instigation.

Third Rabble. Nay, when his turn is serv'd, he may preach up loyalty again, and restitution, that he might have another snack among us.

First Rabble. He may, indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I wou'd have a new religion, where half the commandments shou'd be taken away, the rest mollifi'd, and there shou'd be little or no sin remaining.

Omnos. Another religion, a new religion, another religion!

MUST. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little inspiration: for I must tell you, I have a pigeon at home, of *Mahomet's* own breed; and when I have learn'd her to pick pease out of my ear, rest satisfy'd 'till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspir'd already, that 'tis no sin to depose the MUFTI.

ANT. And good reason; for when kings and queens are to be discarded, what shou'd knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnos. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

MUST. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up rebellion, and giving us their blessing, 'tis but justice they should have the first fruits of it. Slave ANTONIO, take him into custody; and dost thou hear, boy, be sure to secure the little transitory box of jewels: if he be obstinate, put a civil question to him upon the rack, and he squeaks I warrant him.

ANT. Seizing the MUFTI. Come, my *quondam* master, you and I must change qualities.

MUF. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me: we may preach suffering to others, but alas! holy flesh is too well pamper'd to endure martyrdom.

MUST. Now, late MUFTI, not forgetting my first quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the plunder of

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of your palace: 'tis good to sanctify a work, and begin a God's name.

First Rabble. Our Prophet, let the devil alone with the last Mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himself.

As they are going out, enter BENDUCAR leading ALMEYDA: he with a sword in one hand; BENDUCAR's slave follows with MULY-MOLUCH's head upon a spear.

MUST. Not so much haste, masters; come back again: you are so bent upon mischief, that you take a man upon the first word of plunder. Here's a sight for you: the Emperor is come upon his head to visit you. [*Bowing.*] Most noble Emperor! now, I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your face, that we have exalted you. [*They all shout.*

[BENDUCAR to ALMEYDA, apart.]

Think what I am, and what yourself may be,
In being mine: refuse not proffer'd love
That brings a crown.

[ALMEYDA to him.]

I have resolv'd,
And these shall know my thoughts.

[BENDUCAR to her.]

On that I build.——

(*He comes up to the rabble.*)

Joy to the people for the tyrant's death!

Oppression, rapine, banishment and blood

Are now no more; but speechless as that tongue

That lies for ever still.

How is my grief divided with my joy,

When I must own I kill'd him! bid me speak,

For not to bid me is to disallow

What for your sakes is done.

MUST. In the name of the people we command you speak; but that pretty lady shall speak first; for we have taken something of a liking to her person. Be not afraid, lady, to speak to these rude raggamuffins; there's nothing shall offend you.

[*Making a leg.*

ALM.

ALM. Why should I fear to speak, who am your queen?
 My peaceful father sway'd the sceptre long;
 And you enjoyed the blessings of his reign,
 While you deserv'd the name of *Africans*.
 Then not commanded, but commanding you,
 Fearless I speak: know me for what I am. *[aside.]*

BEND. How she assumes! I like not this beginning.

ALM. I was not born so base to flatter crouds,
 And move your pity by a whining tale:
 Your Tyrant would have forc'd me to his bed;
 But in th'attempt of that foul brutal act,
 These loyal slaves secur'd me by his death.

[Pointing to BENDUCAR.]

BEND. Makes she no more of me than of a slave; *[aside.]*
 Madam, I thought I had instructed you *[To ALM.]*
 To frame a speech more suiting to the times:
 The circumstances of that dire design,
 Your own despair, my unexpected aid,
 My life endanger'd by his bold defence,
 And, after all, his death and your deliverance,
 Were themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

MUST. She might have pass'd over all your petty
 businesses, and no great matter: but the raising of my
 rabble is an exploit of consequence; and not to be mum-
 bled up in silence, for all her pertness.

ALM. When force invades the gift of nature, life,
 The eldest law of nature bids defend:
 And if, in that defence, a Tyrant fall,
 His death's his crime, not ours:
 Suffice it that he's dead; all wrongs die with him.
 When he can wrong no more I pardon him:
 Thus I absolve myself, and him excuse,
 Who sav'd my life and honour; but praise neither.

BEND. 'Tis cheap to pardon whom you would not pay:
 But what speak I of payment and reward?
 Ungrateful woman, you are yet no queen;
 No more than a proud haughty Christian slave;
 As such I seize my right. *[Going to lay hold on her.]*

ALMEYDA *[drawing a dagger.]*

Dare not t' approach me;

Now *Africans*,

He shews himself to you; to me he stood

Confess'd

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Confess'd before, and own'd his insolence
 T' espouse my person, and assume the crown;
 Claim'd in my right: for this he slew your Tyrant:
 Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worse;
 Imbas'd your slavery by his own vileness,
 And loaded you with more ignoble bonds:
 Then think me not ungrateful, not to share
 Th' imperial crown with a presuming traitor.
 He says I am a Christian; true I am,
 But yet no slave: if Christians can be thought
 Unfit to govern those of other faith,
 'Tis left for you to judge.

BEND. I have not patience; she consumes the time
 In idle talk, and owns her false belief:
 Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

ALMEYDA *to the people*.

No, let me rather die your sacrifice
 Than live his triumph;
 I throw myself into my people's arms;
 As you are men, compassionate my wrongs,
 And as good men protect me.

ANTONIO *aside to MUSTAPHA*.

Something must be done to save her.
 This is all address'd to you, sir: she singled you out with
 her-eye, as commander in chief of the mobility.

MUST. Think'st thou so, slave ANTONIO?

ANT. Most certainly, sir; and you cannot in honour
 but protect her. Now look to your hits, and make your
 fortune.

MUST. Methought indeed she cast a kind leer towards
 me: our Prophet was but just such another scoundrel as
 I am, till he rais'd himself to power, and consequently
 to holiness, by marrying his master's widow: I am re-
 solv'd I'll put forward for myself; for why should I be
 my Lord BENDUCAR's fool and slave, when I may be
 my own fool and his master.

BEND. Take her into possession, MUSTAPHA.

MUST. That's better counsel than you meant it:
 yes, I do take her into possession, and into protection too:
 what say you, masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all; one and all.

BEND.

A T R A G E D Y. 81

BEND. Hast thou now betray'd me, Traitor?
MUSTI speak, and mind 'em of religion.

MUSTI *shakes his head.*

MUST. Alas! the poor gentleman has gotten a cold, with a sermon of two hours long, and a prayer of four: And besides, if he durst speak, mankind is grown wiser at this time of day, than to cut one another's throats about religion. Our MUSTI's is a green coat, and the Christian's is a black coat; and we must wisely go together by the ears, whether green or black shall sweep our spoils.

[Drums within and shouts.]

BEND. Now we shall see whose numbers will prevail: The conquering troops of MULEY ZEYDAN come To crush rebellion, and espouse my cause.

MUST. We will have a fair trial of skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have dispatch'd with MULEY ZEYDAN, your lordship shall march in equal proportions of your body, to the four gates of the city; and every tower shall have a quarter of you.

[ANTONIO draws them up, and takes ALMEYDA by the Hand.] *[Shouts again and drums.]*

Enter DORAX and SEBASTIAN, attended by African soldiers and Portuguese.

ALMEYDA and SEBASTIAN run into each other's arms, and speak together.

ALM. and SEB. My SEBASTIAN! my ALMEYDA!

ALM. Do you then live?

SEB. And live to love thee ever.

BEND. How! DORAX and SEBASTIAN still alive. The Moors and Christians join'd! I thank thee, Prophet.

DOR. The citadel is ours; and MULEY ZEYDAN Safe under guard, but as becomes a prince. Lay down your arms; such base Plebeian blood Would only stain the brightness of my sword, And blunt it for some noble work behind.

MUST. I suppose you may put it up, without offence to any man here present? For my part I have been loyal to my sovereign lady: Though that villain BENDUCAR, and that hypocrite the MUSTI, would have corrupted me; but if those two 'scape publick justice, then I, and all my late honest subjects here, deserve hanging.

H

BEND.

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[BEND. I am sure I did my part to poison thee,
to DORAX.] What saint so'er has sould'rd thee again.
A dole less hot had burst through ribs of iron.

MUF. Not knowing that, I poison'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a draught so deadly cold,
That, had'st not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The channel of his blood, and froze him dead.

BEND. Thou interpoling fool, to mingle mischief,
And think to mend the perfect work of hell!

DOR. Thus, when Heav'n pleases, double poisons cure.
I will not tax thee of ingratitude.

To me thy friend, who hast betray'd thy prince;
Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee:

But fate it seems reserv'd the worst of men

To end the worst of tyrants.

Go, bear him to his fate,

And send him to attend his master's ghost.

Let some secure my other pois'ning friend,

Whose double diligence preserv'd my life.

ANT. You are fall'n into good hands, father-in-law;
Your sparkling jewels, and MORAYMA's eyes
May prove a better bail than you deserve.

MUF. The best that can come of me in this condition,
is, to have my life begg'd first, and then to be begg'd for
a fool afterwards.

Exit ANTONIO with the MURDER, and at the same time

BENDUCAR is carry'd off.

DORAX to MUSTAPHA. You and your hungry herd de-
part untouch'd;

For justice cannot stoop so low to reach

The groveling sin of crouds; But curst be they

Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,

Whose blindfold business is but to destroy:

And like the fire, commission'd by the winds,

Begins on sheds, but, rowling in a round,

On palaces returns. Away, ye scum,

That still rise upmost when the nation boils!

Ye mungil work of Heav'n, with human shapes,

Not to be damn'd, or sav'd, but breathe, and perish;

That have but just enough of sense to know

The master's voice, when rated, to depart!

(Exeunt MUSTAPHA and Rabble.)

ALM-

ALMEYDA, *kneeling to him.*

With gratitude as low as knees can pay
To those blest holy fires, our guardian angels;
Receive these thanks till altars can be rais'd.

DORAX, *raising her up.*

Arise, fair excellence, and pay no thanks,
Till time discover what I have deserv'd.

SEB. More than reward can answer,
If Portugal and Spain were join'd to Afric,
And the main ocean crusted into land;
If universal monarchy were mine,
Here shou'd the gift be plac'd.

DOR. And from some hands I shou'd refuse that gift:
Be not too prodigal of promises;
But stint your bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

SEB. What I am
Is but thy gift; make what thou can'st of me,
Secure of no repulse.

DOR. *to SEBASTIAN.* Dismiss your train.

To ALMEYDA. You, madam, please one moment to
retire.

[SEBASTIAN *signs to the Portuguese to go off.* AL-
MEYDA *bowing to him, goes off also.* The Africans
follow her.]

DORAX, *to the Captain of his Guard.*
With you one word in private.

(Goes out with the Captain.)

SEB. *solus.* Reserv'd behaviour, open nobleness,
A long mysterious track of a stern bounty!
But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,
And draws the scene to sight.

[*Re-enter DORAX, having taken off his turban and put
on a peruke, hat and cravat.*]

DOR. Now, do you know me?

SEB. Thou should'st be ALONZO.

DOL. So you should be SEBASTIAN:
But when SEBASTIAN ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be ALONZO.

SEB. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

DOR. Is it so strange to find me, where my wrongs,

84 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of *Portugal*.

And your inhuman tyranny have sent me ?
 Think not you dream : Or, if you did, my injuries
 Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake ;
 And death shou'd give you back to answer me.
 A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
 Over these eyes ; but, ever when they clos'd,
 Your tyrant image forc'd 'em ope again,
 And dry'd the dew's they brought.
 The long expected hour is come at length,
 By manly vengeance to redeem my fame ;
 And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

SEB. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
 Whose royal office is redress of wrongs :
 If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face ;
 I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

DOR. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me :
 Then, though I loath this woman's war of tongues,
 Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear :
 And, honour, be thou judge.

SEB. Honour befriend us both.
 Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
 In terms becoming majesty to hear :
 I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
 Is insolent and haughty to superiors :
 How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
 Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts ;
 And with past services, nauseously repeated,
 Reproach'd ev'n me thy prince ?

DOR. Well I might, when you forgot reward,
 The part of heav'n in kings ; for punishment
 Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
 I must and will reproach thee with my service,
 Tyrant (it irks me so to call my prince) :
 But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
 Th'unwilling word ; and, grating as it is,
 Take it, for 'tis thy due.

SEB. How, tyrant !

DOR. Tyrant.

SEB. Traitor ! that name thou canst not echo back :
 That robe of infamy, that circumcision
 Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor :
 And, if a name

More

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

DOR. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou Tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason;
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heav'n to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I'll charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

SEB. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing?
Once more, be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

DOR. Too well I know thee; but for king no more:
This is not *Lisbon*, nor the circle this;
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping croud,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and censur'd
For want of courtly stile: related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

SEB. What say'st thou of *Henriquez*? now by Heav'n -
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts. [him:

DOR. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I nam'd
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman: thy man mistress.

SEB. All false as hell, or thou.

DOR. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it;
But thy ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

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SEB. I see to what thou tend'st ; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me :
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest.

DOR. Why love does all that's noble here below ;
But all th' advantage of that love was thine :
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand,
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own :
For *Violante's* vows were mine before :
Thy malice had prevention, e're I spoke,
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Henriquez*.

SEB. I meant thee a reward of greater worth :

DOR. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd ?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty,
From those rapacious hands who stript him first ?

SEB. He had my promise 'ere I knew thy love.

DOR. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.

SEB. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service :
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts ;
Ev'n to my face, as done in my despight,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd !

DOR. Ev'n in the face of Heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prop'd by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love :
But for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou should'st make a coward's cause thy own !

SEB. He durst ; nay more, desir'd and begg'd, with
tears,

To meet thy challenge fairly : 'twas thy fault
To make it public ; but my duty, then,
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

DOR. On pain of infamy
He shou'd have disobey'd.

SEB. In indignity thou didst, was meant to me ;
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me, with scorn,
As who should say the blow was there intended ;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands

Against

Against anointed power : so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself ;
And spurn thee from my presence.

DOR. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself :
I durst not think, that I was spurn'd, and live ;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age !
Has honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream ?
He has ; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour ; give 'em back :
Give me revenge ; while I have breath to ask it. . . .

SEB. Now, by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it ;
Nor shall the sacred character of King
Be urg'd, to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee ;
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude :
Hast thou not charg'd me ; speak ?

DOR. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

SEB. No ; to disprove that lie, I must not draw :
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence :
To fight thee, after this, what were it else,
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest ?
That *Isthmus* stands betwixt two rushing seas,
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

DOR. I'll cut that *Isthmus*.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice :
Now draw ; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not ;
Beware of such another vile excuse.

SEB. O patience, Heaven !

DOR. Beware of patience too ;
That's a suspicious word : it had been proper

Before

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Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base :
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security :
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat ;
Fight or be perjur'd now ; that's all my choice.

[SEB. *drawing* :] Now I can thank thee, as thou
would'st be thank'd :

Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go : bear my message to *Henriquez*' ghost ;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

DOR. His ghost ! then is my hated rival dead ?

SEB. The question is beside our present purpose ;
Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

DOR. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

SEB. He's dead : make haste, and thou may'st yet
o'ertake him.

DOR. When I was hasty, thou delay'd'st me longer.
I prithee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise ; for thy life preserv'd ;
Be kind : and tell me how that rival dy'd,
Whose death next thine I wish'd.

SEB. If it would please thee, thou should'st never
know :

But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
Which, found, will torture thee : he dy'd in fight :
Fought next my person ; as in concert fought :
Kept pace for pace, gave blow for every blow ;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence ;
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once :
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his Prince.

DOR. I never can forgive him such a death !

SEB. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now, judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both ; (and durst I say), as Heaven

Foreknew,

Foreknew, among the shining angel host,
Who would stand firm, who fall.

DOR. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so had I been favour'd, had I stood.

SEB. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

DOR. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine:
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd, by such a death!
I should have fallen by SEBASTIAN's side:
My corpse had been the bulwark of my King,
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

SEB. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth),
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

DOR. O, whether would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd,
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

SEB. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name:
[more calmly.] Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a
King:

Speak, didst thou not, ALONZO?

DOR. Can I speak!

Alas, I cannot answer to ALONZO:

No, DORAX cannot answer to ALONZO:

ALONZO was too kind a name for me.

Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,

In that blest age I was the man you nam'd:

Till rage and pride debas'd me into DORAX,

And lost, like *Lucifer*, my name above.

SEB.

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SEB. Yet twice this day, Iow'd my life to DORAX.

DOR. I sav'd you, but to kill you; there's my grief.

SEB. Nay if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent.
Thou could'st not be a villain, tho' thou wouldest;
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

DOR. O stop this headlong torrent of your goodness:
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,
For pity spare, and say not, first, you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, thro' guilt and shame,
'To throw myself beneath your Royal feet.

(Falls at his feet.)

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

SEB. Indeed thou should'st not ask forgiveness first,
(taking him up.) But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's
noble.

Yet I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy *Violante's* heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.

DOR. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heav'n bless'd
me!

I shall run mad with extasy of joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival: poor *Henriquez*!

SEB. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:

[Embracing him]

And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what *Henriquez* was; be my ALONZO.

DOR. What, my ALONZO, said you? my ALONZO!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak:

And

And, if I cou'd,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

SEB. Thou can'st not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must, sure, attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven, to blis me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
I cannot bear the stamp, without allay:
Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away.
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But, let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

Exeunt.

ACT VI.

The SCENE is a Room of State.

Enter ANTONIO and DORAX.

ANTONIO I had forgot
T'enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset;
You could unwind yourself from all these dangers;
And move so speedily to our relief!

DOR. The double poisons, after a short combat,
Expell'd each other in their civil war,
By nature's benefit; and rous'd my thoughts
To guard that life which now I found attack'd.
I summon'd all my officers in haste,
On whose experienc'd faith I might rely:
All came; resolv'd to die in my defence,
Save that one villain who betray'd the gate.
Our diligence prevented the surprize
We justly fear'd: so, MULEY-ZEYDAN found us
Drawn up in battle, to receive the charge.

ANT. But how the *Moors* and *Christian* slaves were
join'd,
You have not yet unfolded.

DOR. That remains.
We knew their int'rest was the same with ours:

And

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And tho' I hated, more than death, SEBASTIAN,
I could not see him die by vulgar hands;
But prompted by my angel, or by his,
Freed all the slaves, and plac'd him next myself,
Because I would not have his person known.
I need not tell the rest, th' event declares it.

ANT. Your conquest came of course; their men were
raw,

And yours were disciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you industriously conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added courage to his men?

DOR. I would not hazard civil broils, betwixt
His friends and mine; which might prevent our combat:
Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his troops;
Or, if victorious, order'd his escape.
But I forget a new increase of joy,
To feast him with surprise; I must about it:
Expect my swift return.

[Exit DORAX.]

Enter a Servant to ANTONIO.

Serv. Here's a lady at the door that bids me tell you,
She is come to make an end of the game, that was broken
off betwixt you.

ANT. What manner of woman is she? does she not
want two of the four elements? has she any thing about
her but air and fire?

Serv. Truly, she flies about the room, as if she had
wings instead of legs; I believe she's just turning into
a bird: a house-bird I warrant her: and so hasty to
fly to you, that, rather than fail of entrance, she
would come tumbling down the chimney, like a swallow.

Enter MORAYMA.

[ANTONIO running to her and embracing her.]

Look if she be not here already: what, no denial it
seems will serve your turn? Why! thou little dun, is thy
debt so pressing?

MOR. Little devil, if you please!

ANT. Where the devil hast thou been? and how the
devil didst thou find me here?

MOR.

MOR. I follow'd you into the castle-yard; but there was nothing but tumult, and confusion: and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by some of the rabble: considering I had a double charge about me,—my jewels and my maiden-head.

ANT. Both of 'em intended for my worship's sole use and property.

MOR. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

ANT. Not a mouthful a-piece: 'twas too much odds in conscience.

MOR. So, seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old place of assignation, the garden-house; where, for want of instinct, you did not follow me.

ANT. Well, for thy comfort, I have secur'd thy father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his effects for us.

MOR. Yes truly, I had the prudent foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of solacing one another, we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the world; and take up with a worse pleasure of eating and drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

ANT. Thy fortune will be e'en too good for thee: for thou art going into the country of serenades, and gallantries; where thy street will be haunted every night, with thy foolish lovers, and my rivals; who will be fighting, and singing, under thy inexorable windows, lamentable ditties, and call thee cruel, and goddess, and moon, and stars, and all the poetical names of wicked rhyme.

Re-enter DORAX with SEBASTIAN and ALMEYDA. SEBASTIAN enters speaking to DORAX, while ANTONIO presents MORAYMA to ALMEYDA.

SEB. How fares our royal prisoner, MULEY ZEYDAN?

DOR. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a crown, and freedom: well I know him,
Of easy temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his word.

SEB. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the measure of my happiness:
I'm still in pain for poor ALVAREZ' life.

I

DOR.

94 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

DOR. Release that fear; the good old man is safe;
I paid his ransom;
And have already order'd his attendance.

SEB. O bid him enter, for I long to see him.

Enter ALVAREZ with a servant, who departs when ALVAREZ is enter'd.

[ALVAREZ falling down and embracing the King's knees.]

Now, by my soul, and by these hoary hairs,
I'm so o'er-whelm'd with pleasure, that I feel
A latter spring within my with'ring limbs,
That shoots me out again.

[SEBASTIAN raising him.] Thou good old man!
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who stood brim-full before.

ALV. O my dear child!
I love thee so, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I so oft have dandled in these arms!
What, when I gave thee lost to find thee living!
'Tis like a father, who himself had 'scap'd
A falling house, and, after anxious search,
Hears, from afar, his only son within;
And digs thro' rubbish, till he drags him out
To see the friendly light.
Such is my haste, so trembling is my joy,
To draw thee forth from underneath thy fate!

SEB. The tempest is o'er-blown; the skies are clear;
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

ALV. Just such she shows before a rising storm:
And therefore am I come, with timely speed,
To warn you into port.

ALM. My soul forebodes (Aside.)
Some dire event involv'd in those dark words;
And just disclosing in a birth of fate.

ALV. Is there not yet an heir to this vast empire,
Who still survives, of MULEY BUKH's branch?

DOR. Yes, such an one there is, a captive here,
And brother to the dead.

ALV. The pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: my prayers for my good master
I hope are heard.

SEB.

SEB. Thou hast a right in Heav'n;
But why these prayers for me?

ALV. A door is open yet for your deliv'rance,
Now, you my countrymen, and you ALMEYDA,
Now all of us; and you (my all in one),
May yet be happy in that captive's life.

SEB. We have him here an honourable hostage
For terms of peace: what more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.

ALV. Vastly more:

ALMEYDA may be settled in the throne,
And you review your native clime with fame:
A firm alliance, and eternal peace,
(The glorious crown of honourable war),
Are all included in that prince's life:
Let this fair queen be giv'n to MULEY-ZEYDAN;
And make her love the sanction of your league.

SEB. No more of that: his life's in my dispose;
And prisoners are not to insist on terms.
Or if they were, yet he demands not these.

ALV. You shou'd exact 'em.

ALM. Better may be made;

These cannot: I abhor the tyrant's race;
My parents murderers, my throne's usurpers.
But, at one blow to cut off all dispute,
Know this, thou busy, old, officious man,
I am a Christian; now be wise no more;
Or if thou would'st be still thought wise, be silent.

ALV. O! I perceive you think your int'rest touch'd:
'Tis what before the battle I observ'd:
But I must speak and will.

SEB. I prithees peace;

Perhaps she thinks they are too near of blood.

ALV. I wish she may not wed to blood more near.

SEB. What if I make her mine?

ALV. Now Heav'n forbid! Have you forgot——

SEB. Thou mean'st my father's will,
In bar of marriage to ALMEYDA's bed:
Thou seest my faculties are still entire,
Though thine are much impair'd; I weigh'd that will,
And found 'twas ground'd on our diff'rent faiths;
But had he liv'd to see her happy change,

96 DON SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal.

He wou'd have cancell'd that harsh interdict,
And join'd our hands himself.

ALV. Still had he liv'd, and seen this change,
He still had been the same.

SEB. I have a dark remembrance of my father;
His reas'nings and his actions both were just;
And, granting that, he must have chang'd his measures.

ALV. Yes, he was just, and therefore cou'd not change.

SEB. 'Tis a base wrong thou offer'st to the dead.

ALV. Now Heav'n forbid,
That I shou'd blast his pious memory:
No, I am tender of his holy fame;
For, dying, he bequeath'd it to my charge.
Believe I am; and seek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his will:
For to preserve his fame I wou'd be silent.

SEB. Craz'd fool! who wou'd'st be thought an oracle;
Come down from off thy tripes, and speak plain.

My father shall be justify'd, he shall:

'Tis a son's part to rise in his defence,
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.

ALV. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd;
But, to be clear'd at my dead master's cost;
O there's the wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed soul,
No more to think of marriage with ALMEYDA.

SEB. Not Heav'n and earth, combin'd, can hinder it.

ALV. Then, witness Heav'n and earth, how loth I am
To say, you must not, nay, you cannot wed.
And since not only a dead father's fame,
But more, a lady's honour must be touch'd,
Which nice as ermins will not bear a soil,
Let all retire, that you alone may hear
What ev'n in whispers I wou'd tell your ear.

[All are going out.]

ALM. Not one of you depart: I charge you, stay.
And were my voice a trumpet loud as fame,
To reach the round of Heav'n, and earth, and sea,
All nations shou'd be summon'd to this place;
So little do I fear the fellow's charge:
So shou'd my honour, like a rising swan,
Brush, with her wings, the falling drops away,
And

And proudly plow the waves.

SEB. This noble pride becomes thy innocence;
And I dare trust my father's memory,
To stand the charge of that foul forging tongue.

ALV. It will be soon discover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your father in his youth,
When newly marry'd, travell'd into *Spain*,
And made a long abode in PHILIP's court?

SEB. Why so remote a question? which thyself
Can answer to thyself; for thou wert with him,
His fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast,
And nearest to his soul.

ALV. Too near indeed; forgive me, gracious Heav'n!
That ever I should boast I was so near;
The confident of all his young amours.
(To ALMEYDA.) And have not you, unhappy beauty,

heard;
Have you not often heard your exil'd parents
Were refus'd in that court, and at that time?

ALM. 'Tis true: and often since, my mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to espouse her cause;
She counsell'd, nay, enjoin'd me on her blessing
To seek the sanctuary of your court;
Which gave me first encouragement to come,
And, with my brother, beg SEBASTIAN's aid.

[SEB. to ALM.] Thou help'st me well to justify my war;
My dying father swore me, then a boy;
And made me kiss the cross upon his sword,
Never to sheath it, till that exil'd queen
Were by my arms restor'd.

ALV. And you can find
No mystery, couch'd in this excess of kindness?
Were kings e'er known; in this degenerate age,
So passionately fond of noble acts,
Where int'rest shar'd not more than half with honour?

SEB. Base grov'ling soul, who know'st not honour's
worth;
But weigh'st it out in mercenary scales:
The secret pleasure of a generous act,
Is the great mind's great bribe.

ALV. Show me that king, and I'll believe the phoenix.
But knock at your own breast, and ask your soul,

98 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

If those fair fatal eyes edg'd not your sword
More than your father's charge, and all your vows?
If so; and so your silence grants it is,
Know, King, your father had, like you, a soul;
And love is your inheritance from him.

ALMEYDA's mother too had eyes, like her;
And not less charming; and were charm'd no less
Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.

ALM: Thou ly'st, impostor, perjur'd friend, thou ly'st.

SEB. Was't not enough to brand my father's fame,
But thou must load a lady's memory!
O infamous, base e'en beyond repair!
And, to what end this ill-concerted lie,
Which palpable and gross, yet granted true,
It bars not my inviolable vows.

ALV. Take heed and double not your father's crimes;
To his adult'ry do not add your incest.
Know, she's the product of unlawful love:
And 'tis your carnal sister you wou'd wed.

ALM. Out, base imposture! 'tis as false as hell!

DOR. It looks not like imposture: but a truth,
On utmost need reveal'd.

SEB. Did I expect from DORAX this return?
Is this the love renew'd?

DOR. Sir, I am silent;
Pray Heav'n my fears prove false.

SEB. Away, you all combine to make me wretched.

ALV. But hear the story of that fatal love;
Where every circumstance shall prove another;
And truth so shine, by her own native light,
That if a lie were mix'd, it must be seen.

SEB. No, all may still be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou can'st say:

ALV. One proof remains; and that's your father's
hand

Firm'd with his signet; both so fully known,
That plainer evidence can hardly be,
Unless his soul wou'd want her Heav'n a while,
And come on earth to swear.

SEB. Produce that writing.

ALV. to DORAX.] ALONZO has it in his custody.
The same, which when his nobleness redeem'd me,

And

And in a friendly visit own'd himself
For what he is, I then deposited :
And had his faith to give it to the King.

DORAX *giving a seal'd paper to the King.*
Untouch'd, and seal'd as when intrusted with me ;
Such I restore it, with a trembling hand,
Lest ought within disturb your peace of soul.

SEBASTIAN *tearing open the seals.*
Draw near, ALMEYDA ; thou art most concern'd :
For I am most in thee.

ALONZO, mark the characters :
Thou know'st my father's hand, observe it well :
And if th' imposture's pen have made one slip,
That shows it counterfeit, mark that and save me.

DOR. It looks, indeed, too like my master's hand :
So does the signet ; more I cannot say ;
But wish 'twere not so like.

SEB. Methinks it owns
The black adult'ry, and ALMEYDA's birth ;
But such a mist of grief comes o'er my eyes,
I cannot, or I would not read it plain.

ALM. Heav'n cannot be more true, than this is false.

SEB. O could'st thou prove it, with the same assurance !
Speak, hast thou ever seen my father's hand ?

ALM. No ; but my mother's honour has been read
By me, and by the world, in all her acts,
In characters more plain and legible,
Than this dumb evidence, this blotted lie.
Oh that I were a man, as my soul's one,
To prove thee, traitor, an assassinate
Of her fair fame : thus would I tear thee, thus : *(Tearing*
And scatter o'er the field thy coward limbs, *the paper.)*
Like this foul offspring of thy forging brain.

(Scattering the paper.)

ALV. Just so, shalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know, proud woman, know, in thy despatch,
The most authentic proof is still behind.
Thou wear'st it on thy finger : 'tis that ring,
Which, match'd with that on his, shall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb forgery : for that shall speak ;
And sound a rattling peal to either's conscience.

SEB. This ring, indeed, my father, with a cold

And

100 DON SEBASTIAN, KING of Portugal.

And shaking hand, just in the pangs of death,
Put on my finger, with a parting sigh;
And wou'd have spoke, but falter'd in his speech,
With undistinguish'd sounds.

ALV. I know it well;

For I was present : now ALMEYDA, speak ;
And truly tell us, how came you by yours ?

ALM. My mother, when I parted from her sight,
To go to Portugal, bequeath'd it to me,
Presaging she should never see me more :
She pull'd it from her finger, shed some tears,
Kiss'd it ; and told me 'twas a pledge of love ;
And hid a mystery of great importance
Relating to my fortunes.

ALV. Mark me now,

While I disclose that fatal mystery.
Those rings, when you were born, and thought another's,
Your parents, glowing yet in sinful love,
Bid me bespeak : a curious artist wrought 'em,
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd ;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
Her part had JUAN inscrib'd, and his had ZAYDA.
(You know those names are theirs). And in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie :
But if they join, you must for ever part.

[*They pull off their rings and give them to ALVAREZ,
who unscrews 'em and fits 'em to each other.*]

SEB. Now, life or death !

ALM. And either thine or ours — I'm lost for ever !

[*She swoons and is taken off.*]

SEBASTIAN stands fixt and motionless for some time.

SEB. Look to the queen my wife, for I am past
All power of aid to her, or to myself.

ALV. His wife ! said he, his wife ? Oh fatal sound !
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.
So they had still been blest in ignorance,
And I alone unhappy,

[SEBASTIAN starting out of his amazement.

SEB.

SEB. I will not live, no not a moment more ;
I will not add one moment more to incest,

[*Draws; they hold him.*]

ALV. For Heav'n's sake hold, and recollect your mind.

SEB. Stand off, and let me take my fill of death :
For I can hold my breath in your despight,
And swell my heaving soul out when I please.

ALV. Heav'n comfort you !

SEB. What, art thou giving comfort !
Wou'd'st thou give comfort who hast given despair ?
No palliation e'er can heal my wound ;
For, shou'd you argue all you can, 'tis incest :
No, 'tis resolv'd, I charge you plead no more ;
I cannot live without ALMEYDA's sight,
Nor can I see ALMEYDA but I sin.
Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sacred thought,
To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.

DOR. Mean you to turn an *Anchoret* ?

SEB. What else ?

The world was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will serve me now ;
To hide me from the rest of human-kind.

ALV. You may repent, and wish your crown too late.

SEB. Never, my dear ALVAREZ. He who leaves
ALMEYDA, may renounce the rest with ease.

DOR. Oh truly great !

A soul fix'd high, and capable of Heav'n.
Old as he is, your uncle Cardinal
Is not so far enamour'd of a cloyster,
But he will thank you for the crown you leave him.

SEB. To please him more, let him believe me dead :
That he may never dream I may return.

ALONZO, I am now no more thy king,
But still thy friend, and, by that holy name,
Adjure thee to perform my last request :
Make our conditions with yon captive king ;
Secure me but my solitary cell ;
'Tis all I ask him for a crown restor'd.

DOR. I will do more :

But fear not MULEY-ZEYDAN ; his soft metal
Melts down with easy warmth ; runs in the mould,
And needs no farther forge.

[*Exit DORAX.*]

Re-

*Re-enter ALMEYDA, led by MORAYMA, and followed
by her attendants.*

SEB. See where she comes again.
By Heav'n, when I behold these beauteous eyes,
Repentance lags, and sin comes hurrying on.

ALM. This is too cruel!

SEB. Speak'st thou of love, of fortune, or of death?
Or double death? for we must part, ALMEYDA.

ALM. Yes we must part, SEBASTIAN;
That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
I must not call thee by the name I wou'd;
But when I say SEBASTIAN, dear SEBASTIAN,
I kiss the name I speak. —

Here comes the sad denouncer of my fate,
To toll the mournful knell of separation:
While I, as on my death-bed, hear the sound
That warns me hence for ever.

[SEBASTIAN to DORAX.] Now be brief;

And I will try to listen,

And share the minute that remains, betwixt
The care I owe my subjects and my love.

DOR. Your fate has gratify'd you all she can;
Gives easy misery, and makes exile pleasing.
I trusted MULEY-ZEYDAN as a friend,
But swore him first to secrecy: He wept
Your fortune, and with tears, not squeez'd by art,
But shed by nature, like a kindly shower:
In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A safe retreat, a gentle solitude,
Unvex'd with noise, and undisturb'd with fears:
I chose you one. —

ALM. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the place of his abode,
I shou'd be tempted to pursue his steps,
And then we both were lost.

SEB. Ev'n past redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that design;
As I must know, because our souls are one,
I shou'd not wander, but by sure instinct
Shou'd meet thee just half-way, in pilgrimage,
And close for ever: For I know my love
More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

ALM.

ALM. Tell me not that : for I must boast my crime,
And cannot bear that thou shou'dst better love.

DOR. I may inform you both : for you must go,
Where seas, and winds, and desarts will divide you.
Under the ledge of *Atlas* lies a cave,
Cut in the living rock by nature's hands ;
The venerable seat of holy hermits :

Who there, secure in separated cells,
Sacred ev'n to the *Moors*, enjoy devotion ;
And from the purling streams and savage fruits,
Have wholesome bev'rage, and unbloody feasts.

SEB. 'Tis penance too voluptuous for my crime.

DOR. Your subjects, conscious of your life, are few :
But all desirous to partake your exile :
And to do office to your sacred person.
The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,
Under safe convoy till they reach your fleet.

ALM. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd ?
A vain enquiry, since I leave my lord :
For all the world beside is banishment !

DOR. I have a sister, abbess in *Tercera's*,
Who lost her lover on her bridal day.——

ALM. There fate provided me a fellow-turtle ;
To mingle sighs with sighs, and tears with tears.

DOR. Last, for my self, if I have well fulfil'd
My sad commission,, let me beg the boon,
To share the sorrows of your last recess :
And mourn the common losses of our loves.

ALV. And what becomes of me ? must I be left,
As age and time had worn me out of use ?
These sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
To fail me when my master shou'd be serv'd :
And when they are, then will I steal to death,
Silent, and unobserv'd, to save his tears.

SEB. I've heard you both : ALVAREZ, have thy wish :
But thine, ALONZO, thine, is too unjust.
I charge thee with my last commands, return,
And bless thy *Violante* with thy vows.

ANTONIO, be thou happy too, in thine.
Last, let me swear you all to secrecy ;
And to conceal my shame, conceal my life.

DOR. ANT. MOR. We swear to keep it secret.

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ALM. Now I wou'd speak the last farewell; I cannot:
It wou'd be still farewell, a thousand times;
And, multiply'd in echo's, still farewell;
I will not speak; but think a thousand, thousand times,
And be thou silent too, my lost SEBASTIAN;
So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great; or I wou'd die this moment:
But death I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haste to meet him.

[*She staggers, and her women hold her up.*]

SEB. Help to support this feeble drooping flower:
This tender sweet, so shaken by the storm,
For these fond arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,
And never, never must embrace her more.
'Tis past—my soul goes in that word;—farewel:

ALVAREZ goes with SEBASTIAN to one end of the
Stage. Women with ALMEYDA to the other.

DORAX coming up to ANTONIO and MORATMA,
who stand on the middle of the stage.

DOR. Haste to attend ALMEYDA: For your sake
Your father is forgiven: But for ANTONIO,
He forfeits half his wealth: Be happy both:
And let SEBASTIAN and ALMEYDA's fate
This dreadful sentence to the world relate,
That unrepented crimes of parents dead
Are justly punish'd on their children's head.

THE END.



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ALM. Now I wou'd speak the last farewell; I cannot:
 It wou'd be still farewell; a thousand times;
 And, multiply'd in echo's, still farewell.
 I will not speak; but think a thousand, thousand,
 And be thou silent too, my lost SEBASTIAN.
 So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
 My heart's too great; or I wou'd die this moment:
 But death I thank him, in an hour, has made
 A mighty journey, and I haste to meet him.

[*She staggers, and her women hold her up.*]

SEB. Help to support this feeble drooping flower:
 This tender sweet, so shaken by the storm.
 For these fond arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,
 And never, never must embrace her more.
 'Tis past—my soul goes in that word;—farewel:

ALVAREZ *goes with SEBASTIAN to one end of the Stage.*
Women with ALMEYDA to the other.

DORAX *coming up to ANTONIO and MORAYMA,*
who stand on the middle of the stage.

DOR. Haste to attend ALMEYDA: For your sake
 Your father is forgiven: But for ANTONIO,
 He forfeits half his wealth: Be happy both:
 And let SEBASTIAN and ALMEYDA's fate
 This dreadful sentence to the world relate,
 That unrepented crimes of parents dead
 Are justly punish'd on their children's head.

FINIS.



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